Richard Hanser
Wild About Henry

Orrin Hatch
Overloading the Circuits

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

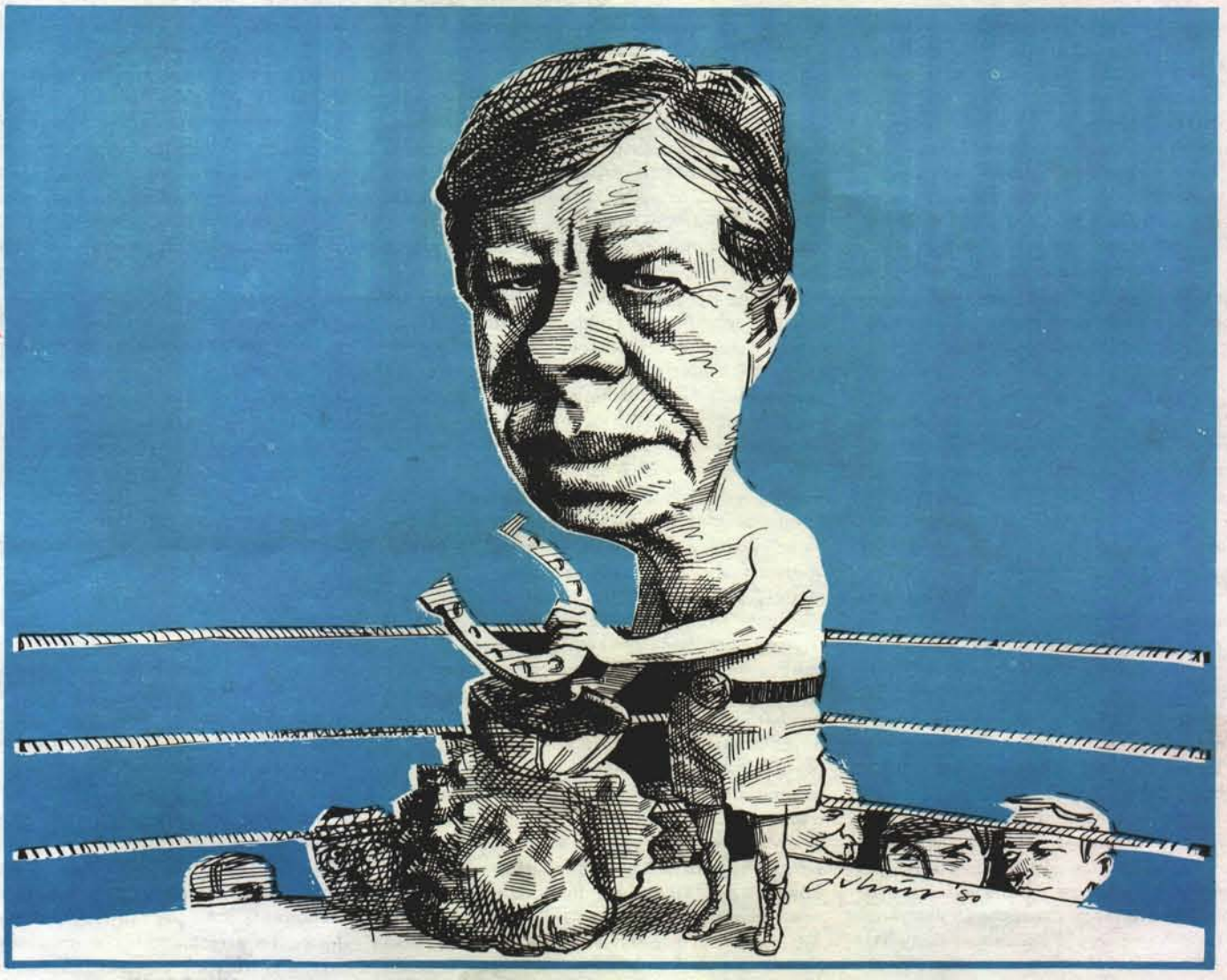
VOL. 13 OCTOBER 1980 NO. 10

Midge Decter: The Good Society

Jude Wanniski: Reagan's Advice Squad

Kenneth S. Lynn: Malcolm Cowley Forgets

The Walloping Wonderboy



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A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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BY THE YEAR

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• August, and the National Buffalo Association Organic Frisbee Competition holds another cow chip heave, worm races are held in Wichita, Kansas and Huron, South Dakota; yet no one from the Carter Administration is present.True, at the Huron races it would seem that a White House yokel *had* to be in attendance; the judge stepped on the champ worm. But no, the Wonderboy and his associates were out of sight, laying their traps for Teddy, and preparing for the Democratic Convention in New York City. It was a big job. Some of the yokels are prone to dizzy spells on big-city elevators. Some get nosebleeds and carry airsickness bags. Others rebel at wearing shoes all day and sleeping in beds. Jimmy attended to their every problem.

• The proceedings were held in Madison Square Garden, and your obedient servant was there to see whether the Democrats could maintain their usual shrill pitch. As a longtime student of the French Revolution, I eagerly attend these debauches—though always after taking proper security measures. This year two beefy members of the League of Women Voters, one on either side, provided an extra measure of security, and never was it more urgently needed. The Party was more vehement and melodramatic than ever; and if its clamorous throngs realized that the injustices agitating them had mostly been perpetrated under a Democratic administration with a Democratic Congress they surely betrayed no evidence of it as they spluttered on about eastern bankers, the Fortune 500, the CIA, heterosexuals in high places, and worse. Thousands of New York *carabinieri* glared down at them as their feminists, their pederasts, their Fat People for Zen, and a host of other goofballs bravely held forth in a display of democratic zeal not seen since the sacking of Versailles. If no banks were burned it is only because more than 450 of the assembled were members of the National Education Association, most of whom are illiterate.

• The resultant platform was noisy even by Democratic standards. Some of the noises were pure idiocy, a dozen alley cats howling through the lunatic night. Other noises were more violent. There were threats that the Democratic National Committee would "withhold financial support and technical campaign assistance from the candidates who do not support the ERA." There were demands that the U.S. Treasury fork over $12 billion to fund ever more legions of loafers. There were shouts that if taxpayers desisted from paying off the various Democratic interest groups now affixed to federal teats these groups would forever sunder their allegiance to the Republic.

• The platform amounted to a cacophony of complaints, threats, denunciations, lavish promises, extortionate demands, arrant lies, and claptrap. When the thing was not nagging, shouting, weeping, or whining, it was solemnly enunciating such fragrant tosh as: "Conservation is the cheapest form of energy production." Tell me the ignoramuses of the National Education Association did not have their hooves in that idiot yawp!

• The American Humane Association has awarded one of its coveted William O. Stillman Awards to Mr. Robert Mangram, who drowned while trying to save a German shepherd, and on a less celebrative note 1500 mice perished in a University of Southern California lab when some dolt allowed the temperature in their cages to reach 100 degrees. Conservationists in Peking have been surprisingly slow to respond to a government edict ordering a million Peking residents to turn out with brooms, spray guns, fly swatters, and even spades to participate in the public slaughtering of that city's helpless flies and mosquitoes. And chaos has come to the fishing fleet off Cape Cod. There lecherous whales—whether driven by some weird psychosexual disorder or a sincere desire for friendship, we know not—are running down the voluptuously hulled fishing boats and attempting conjugal embrace, right in the presence of embarrassed crew members, many of whom are very conservative and macho.

• In Beverly Hills an armed thief got away with $900 and may have caused lasting psychological damage when he broke in one Dr. Milton Wexler's group therapy session, demanded money, and refused treatment. In Herndon, Virginia, a ten-mile race claimed the lives of two joggers thereby setting a record for the gruesome sport. In Rome, a neo-fascist was arrested for surreptitiously filling a neighbor's birdbath with acid and rendering several prize doves beakless. Lady Bird Johnson revealed to *McCall's* magazine that her husband Lyndon never really wanted to be president, because he was "appalled" by the toll that high office had taken of his predecessors. In Racine, Wisconsin, Mrs. Judith A. Johnson of the National Coalition for Jail Reform divulged the shocking news that as many as one million red-blooded Americans are yearly slapped into the calaboose. And an ill-informed wrecking crew razed one of Chicago's most historic homes, Rinker House.

• On August 15 the Labor Department reported that the Producer Price Index rose 1.7 percent in July, the largest increase in nearly six years. On the evening of August 11 Jimmy Carter prevailed in his showdown with Kennedy, and his renomination was assured. On the next day the stock market duly plummeted 11.69 points. Alaska's Senator Mike Gravel lost his heroic bid for renomination, thus denying the Senate the presence of one of the few men capable of making his colleagues seem senatorial. Also from Alaska comes word that that state's Council on Science and Technology has given a $400 grant to Mr. Bill Hall for his ingenious proposal to develop a dog-powered washing machine, utilizing a wheel and pulley system, two 55-gallon drums, and modified toilet plungers.

• In Detroit, Michigan, the American Civil Liberties Union is providing legal aid to an unmarried woman who has been denied access to Wayne State University's artificial insemination facilities. In cultural news Norman Lear has donated $500,000 to the Edith Bunker Memorial Fund. On other fronts, two men in Bujumbura, Burundi, were hanged for cannibalism. And a special session of the United Nations General Assembly convened in New York to hammer out ever more ways for the poor nations of the south to shake down the prosperous nations of the north.

• On August 25 the Hon. John B. Anderson named the Hon. Patrick Lucey, the former governor of Wisconsin, as his runningmate, and six days later offered a four-year plan for national recovery requiring "a patriotism greater than party," a patriotism that Mr. Anderson exemplifies in his own epic life. On August 28, full of gimcrack moralizing, the scamp in the White House offered his third economic plan in eight months, a world record for this event. Showered by spitballs and exclamations of moral outrage from out great President, the Reagan campaign slogged on, attempting to discuss the economy and defense. In San Francisco, California, Mr. Maurice H. Klebolt, president of the city's Citizens Advisory Panel on Transportation, bespake the wisdom of the age when he urged the city Mothers and Fathers to change the name of Fisherman's Wharf to "Fisherperson's Wharf." Here is a Carter issue.

• In Pekin, Illinois, Pekin High School athletic teams will now be called the "Dragons," rather than the "Chinks." And in Las Vegas Mr. Bill Marino won this year's Mr. Nude International-U.S.A. pageant. Bill won the award based on a tremendous score attained in the Mr. Personality contest. According to the pageant's organizer, Mr. Bill Flesher, contestants were judged on the basis of "conversational ability," "aura of high moral sense," and "taste in clothing." How unfortunate that Mr. Marino did not bring his talents to the striking shipbuilders of Gdańsk, Poland. Imagine the salutary and peaceful influence Bill would have had there!

—RET

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The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator;* but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name. *The American Spectator* is now published monthly at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, Indiana, and additional mailing offices.

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EDITORIAL

JIMMY IN A MUDSLIDE

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Midway through Jimmy Carter's 1966 race for the Georgia governorship, the polls were consulted by a Mr. Gerald Rafshoon, and it was learned that the most refulgent grin ever to come out of Southwest Georgia had, at that point, hoodwinked a mere 4.2 percent of the electorate. Mr. Carter was but fifth in a field of seven! To his rear could be seen only a Mr. Garland Byrd and a Mr. Hoke O'Kelley, a perennial candidate of somewhat derisible reputation. Moreover, Jimmy had spent three shafts from his magical quiver and to no effect.

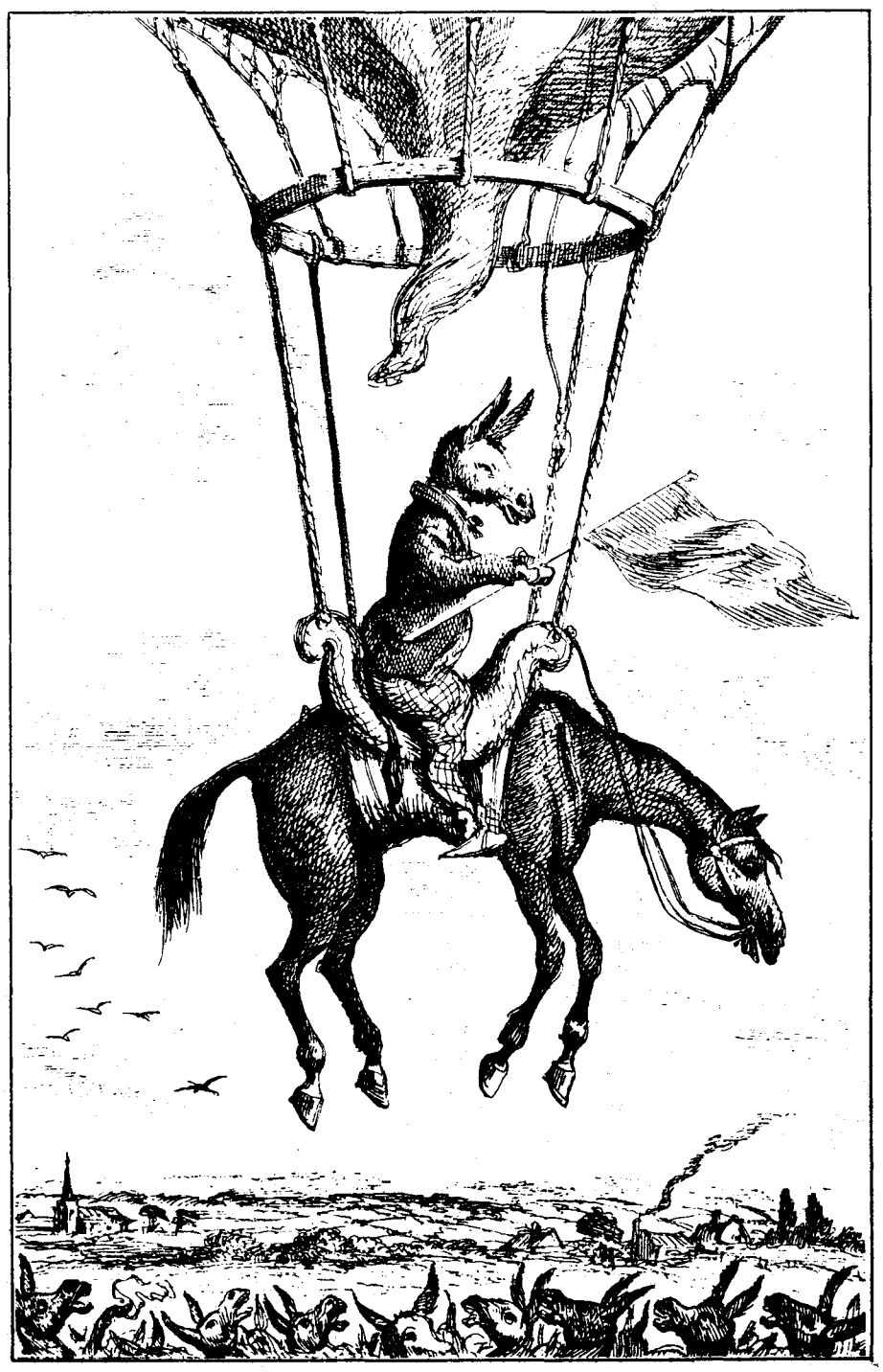
Already he had laid bare his heart in sanctimonious melodrama that ten years later would make him leader of the free world and an inspiration to YMCA directors everywhere. "If I ever let you down in my action," he declared to 15 teen-age supporters on July 14, 1966, "I want you to let me know about it and I'll correct it. I promise never to betray your confidence in me." The address is now 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Already he had attempted to chloroform liberals, conservatives, and moderates, presenting himself as ideologically ubiquitous. Was he to the right or to the left? Was he a segregationist or an integrationist? "I believe I'm a more complicated person than that," he sniffed.

Already there had been a mysterious outbreak of those amazing campaign phenomena, known to us nowadays as "dirty tricks." An increate committee of unknown patriots materialized to denounce the liberal, Mr. Ellis Arnall, and to thump for Carter. The committee was named "Concerned Friends of Sen. Richard B. Russell and Sen. Herman Talmadge," those being the state's most illustrious pols from the old order.

Adapted from RET's Monday column in the Washington Post.

Yet despite all these brilliant devices, Jimmy Carter had thus far won the hearts of a mere 4.2 percent of Georgia's voters, a percentage strikingly similar to the state's percentage of problem drinkers. What else could a man of Carter's high moral character do? What strategies were left him? Bribery, intimidation, and ballot-fraud would get him into hot water with churchgoers. Homicide was plainly *malum prohibitum* even at election time. All that remained was vilification, innuendo, dissimulation, and hyperbole in every direction —in other words, a traditional good government campaign.



Arnall, the aforementioned liberal, was then in the lead. Candidate Carter immediately commenced to describe him as one who had practiced "gross favoritism." Jimmy flayed him for being divisive and extreme, a sort of Deep South Bolshevik. Then Jimmy laid into him for being hopelessly obsolete, a sort of Deep South Coolidge. Soon Jimmy released the hottest stuff of all: Arnall was "corrupt and immoral."

By late August, our future president was shouting that "the people are embarrassed and nauseated over the frivolity and clownishness" of his opponents. In one day, and before the sun set, he berated five of his opponents.

Our story, of course, has a happy ending. Jimmy lost. Lester Maddox, a repulsive racist, won, and I cannot stifle the thought that had Jimmy not bashed and battered the liberal frontrunner, Ellis Arnall, Georgia and America might have been spared the poisoned antics of Maddox.

At any rate, Jimmy now had four years to perfect his style. From the moment he began his personal attacks in 1966, he moved up steadily through the pack. The lesson was not lost on him; his 1970 campaign would be even dirtier. Betty Glad has chronicled Carter's entire public life in *Jimmy Carter: In Search of the Great White House*. Unfortunately for our President, Norton published it just last month.

What lurid and ghastly themes of personal abuse will our great President delight us with in Campaign '80? Certainly he will charge that this guy Reagan is less than a

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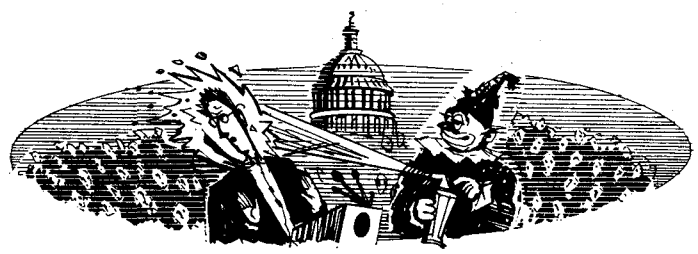
genius, hence not smart enough to maintain double digit inflation plus 7.8 percent unemployment. Then, too, he will charge that Reagan is strictly nineteenth century, hence not sophisticated enough to deal with the collapse of Iran, the invasion of Afghanistan, tumult in Central America, Soviet proxies in Africa, and the hostages—that last unpleasantness being Carter's greatest triumph. Our President will remind us that Reagan is old and no jogger; acted in mediocre movies and carried a gun; has the support of the oil tycoons plus the Ku Klux Klan; and hails from Hollywood, California, where carnality is the norm and divorce is rampant. There will be innuendos too dreadful and lascivious for a sinner like myself even to imagine. If Reagan sneezes or orders a roll of Tums in public, our virtuous President will immediately make available Bethesda Naval Hospital.

I predict that Campaign '80 will be far dirtier than Campaign '66. Let it, too, have a happy ending. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



LETTER FROM MARTHA'S VINEYARD

by Tom Bethell

On the third day I was stung by a jellyfish named Bitsie or Muffie, trailing an Anderson sticker from a tentacle. I was stationed 20 feet out to sea at the time, listening to some hair-raising conversation between liberal journalists (who come here en masse on vacation these days) and their guttural-voiced, behind-the-iron curtain sources. My plan of course was to beat the spike by telling all to Messrs. De Borchgrave and Moss, but Muffie spotted me at my listening post and came smartly to the rescue.

The year-round population of this 100-square mile island off Cape Cod is only 9000 or so—much smaller, I believe, than in its glory days of whaling in the first half of the nineteenth century. But today the summer population swells to about 70,000, mainly because, in the words of Art Buchwald, the Vineyard "is the 'in' island at the present." The humorist continues:

> Those of us who have been going there over the years never planned it that way. As a matter of fact, many people fell in love with the island because it wasn't "in." We sailed, fished, clammed, and tended our lobster pots oblivious to the goings-on in such Gucci-ridden places as Southampton, East Hampton, Newport, Bar Harbor and Malibu.

Local residents question whether Buchwald ever tended a lobster pot, or so much as clammed, on the island. But apart from that he hasn't quite got the socio-dynamics right. The point is that the fashionable folk are quite happy to up and abandon Gucci-ridden East Hampton *provided* there's a whole rat pack of them ready to migrate at approximately the same time. Buchwald would hardly build a house on Martha's Vineyard if he was going to be here all on his lonesome.

The consensus seems to be that the rat pack as presently constituted is led by Lillian Hellman, the well-known Stalinist writer. Subsidiary members include Walter Cronkite (who was recently turned away curtly by a local head waiter for being *seven minutes* late for his reservation—a true story, everyone swears); Beverly Sills, James Reston, Mike Wallace, William Styron, John Updike, and other lovelies too numerous to mention. Oh yes, Anthony Lewis. But somehow not Tom Wicker. And someone called John Belushi (if you know who he is, I don't) bought Robert McNamara's house. I'm not sure whether that is a significant development or not. But everyone keeps mentioning it, so I thought I'd pass it on.

The island—somewhat larger than you might imagine—strikes me as being overgrown with scrub, fir trees, small oaks, and masses of prickly vegetation of every description. Farmland has reverted to forest. In short, too much Ecology and not enough Energy. But that of course is just the way the rat pack likes it—somewhat resembling an Under-

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington editor.*

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developed Country and deserving, therefore, of foreign aid in due course (from Washington).

One thinks back inevitably to the days of whaling, to those dangerous three- and four-year voyages. "Why did so many Vineyard men go whaling?" inquires Gale Huntington in a local guide book. "A man could make a living, and sometimes a good living, at sheep raising or fishing. Perhaps he could make a better living as an officer on a merchant vessel or as a pilot, but only by whaling was there a chance for a young man from the vineyard to become really wealthy. . . . Many Vineyard whalemen reached command while still in their early twenties."

Lest we forget, whaling was energy production. I suppose oil wildcatting would be the modern equivalent. But today's enervated upper classes do not aspire to anything more than energy conservation. The island seems to be alive with passive solar talk, windmill demonstrations, glass recycling projects. I went one day to the fair at West Tisbury, and one of the first booths I came to was occupied by the Energy Resource Group of Martha's Vineyard, "created in 1976 by a group of island residents concerned with the lack of accessible information about energy conservation and alternatives."

A girl in cutoff blue jeans handed me a bumpersticker: Support Vineyard Recycling. I could put it next to my Vote for Anderson sticker.

Nearby, there was a pitiful little display of aluminum cans, bottle tops, and whatnot. I wasn't quite sure what the point was. Maybe there was a right and a wrong way to throw them away or scrunch them up or something. Such tiny horizons.

I asked the girl where the money came from.

"We're CETA funded," she said.

I guess energy conservation is one of the ways the upper classes go on welfare these days. The Energy Department or the Labor Department will come up with the money and it spares you the humiliation of going down to the welfare office. Out of the question, of course, to go off and find work on one of those offshore oil rigs . . . roughnecking . . . the modern-day whaling. That would require too much energy, which as we all know is in short supply in America these days. Captain Ahab, where are you now that we need you?

Now that Sen. Edward Kennedy has been knocked out of the presidential race, the Vineyard summer visitors have switched over pretty solidly to John Anderson. Or so I am informed. The regular Vineyard residents, on the other hand, never were too enthusiastic about Kennedy. "They know too much," a visitor hinted, undoubtedly in reference to nearby Chappaquiddick. I dutifully went sight-seeing at the fateful spot, and heard the following rat-pack explanation of the tragedy. Growing tired of all the earnest political conversation in the cottage that night, Mary Jo Kopechne slipped out for a snooze on the back seat of Kennedy's car. Kennedy then came out, drove off for a solitary Kennedyesque beach stroll before turning in, and didn't know the young lady was in the back at all. . . . Just thought I'd pass it on.

At one point I heard the year-round Vineyarders, who are said to be mostly for Ronald Reagan, described as the "townies." This was in connection with the Great McDonald's Hamburger Episode of a few years back. The hamburger people, perceiving a good market, wanted to open a new outlet in Vineyard Haven. But Lillian Hellman thought otherwise. Bill Styron thought otherwise. And unless I am much mistaken, Scotty Reston's *Vineyard Gazette,* with a cause to champion at last, thundered against the proposed franchise. Ergo, no McDonald's.

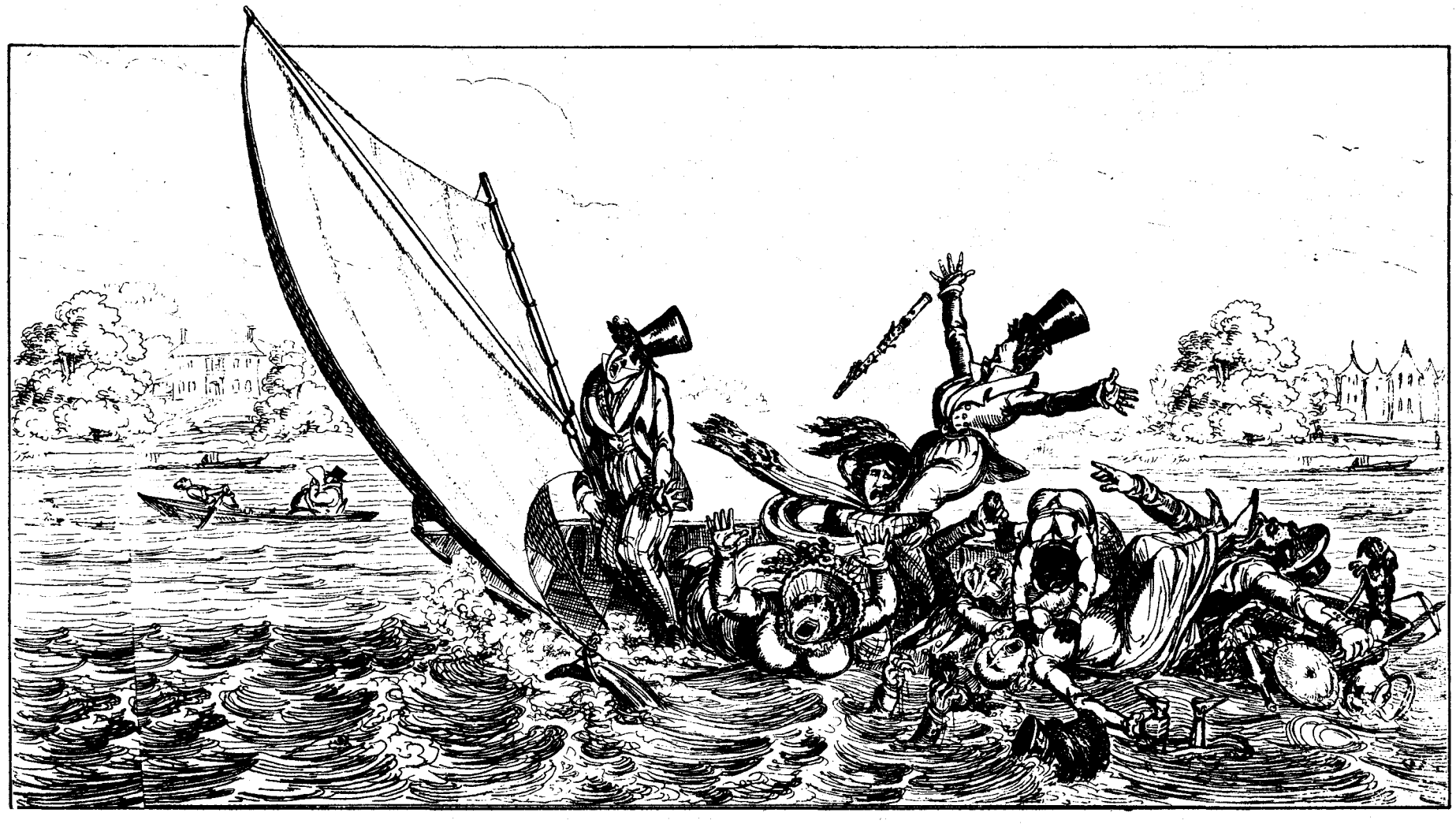
"The townies wanted it," a visitor recalled. But what the townies want, and what the townies get, can be two very different things, depending on the proclivities of the gownies.

To get back to politics, as briefly as possible in this political season, it is worth considering this business of Kennedy supporters backing Anderson (as I'm sure many of them will). What this shows is that these people are quite content to see Ronald Reagan elected in November. (Disputing this, however, George Gilder tells me that, unless Reagan gets his act together, Anderdon is actually going to be elected president, and I hereby put his August prediction on the record, just in case it turns out to be true. "Don't believe the polls!" Gilder warns.)

Assuming this dire prediction to be false, however, and assuming that many Kennedy people really *don't* object much to a Reagan presidency, it is worth asking why they feel this way. The truth is, I suspect, that there is so little cohesion at the center of U.S. political life at present that political goals can more easily be advanced in opposition than in office. Looked at this way, Kennedy supporters are right not to be concerned about the prospect of a Reagan victory.

One fears for a President Reagan, should he be elected. One can already hear the drumbeat of hostility from Congress, the wailing obbligato from the press, the crescendo of criticism, building up to a lovely crisis.

Better in some ways to be in opposition, in this weak-kneed, energy-conservation period of U.S. history. If re-elected President Carter will no doubt fare no better than Richard Nixon did in *his* second term, the Vineyard gownies will surely find a pretext to tear him limb from limb, with almost as much relish as they would Ronald Reagan. □



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Midge Decter

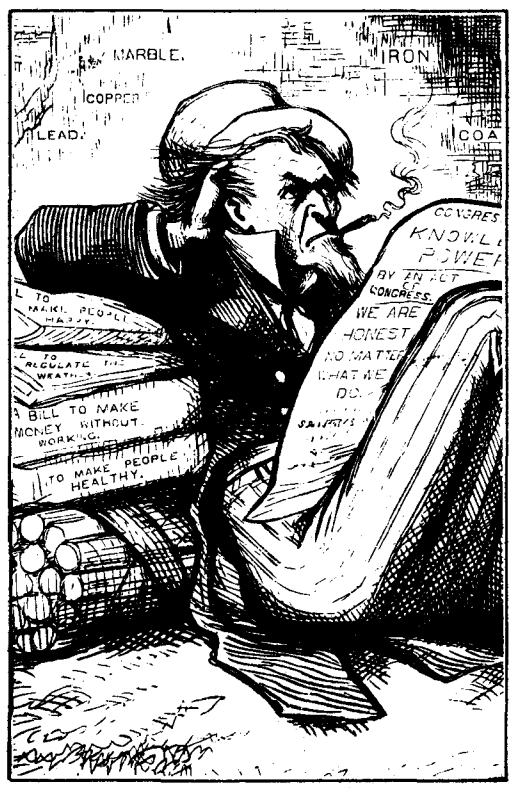
THE PEOPLE'S YES

The desire to see America restored to its Number One position is not based in selfish jingoism, but rather in ideas.

On some occasion during his 1976 senatorial campaign Daniel P. Moynihan, as is his wont, in the course of making some other point tossed off a genuinely illuminating observation. The United States, he said, in electing to build the nation's capitol on that parcel of swampy land along the Potomac, two hundred miles from what was to become its cultural capital, had made a fateful, and in Moynihan's view beneficent, decision. For in physically separating the dominant institutions of national government from those of the arts and sciences and higher learning, the United States—alone among the great nations of the earth—had ensured the protection of the culture from political domination, the kind of domination, for instance, that has in our time made possible some of the more notable efficiencies of totalitarianism. His analysis of the benefits of that decision aside (and on reflection it seems somewhat debatable), undoubtedly the distance between Washington and New York has been a determining one in our national life. If the culture has not, to put it mildly, been dominated by the processes and needs of government, and has thus been uniquely cut off from a sense of its own consequence in the everyday life of the country, the agents of government on their side have been no less cut off from a sense of the forces that are at any given moment acting to influence people's opinions and spirits.

Whether this is, as Moynihan thinks, nevertheless a good thing or whether it is an unfortunate one, that it creates a very special set of circumstances for both the adumbration and implementation of national policy there is no doubt. And one of its results is that in a country fairly drowning in communications—in which daily the populace is exposed to a torrent of the stated views and explanations of its leaders, and vice versa—it can take years for some of the simplest messages to get through. Partly, of course, this is because in a democracy many of the most important messages that ordinary people and those who govern them have to bring to one another cannot properly be expressed in forthright terms. Mostly, however, it is because in the United States politics and ideas exist in a state of almost forcible—albeit by now rather smugly habitual—isolation from one another. Until, that is, the pressure of crisis brings them together.

The gaudiest case in recent times of such a failure to send and to receive communications was, of course, the late great upheaval over Vietnam. This was a case in which the government failed to make its policies creditable to the people in the kind of terms



necessary to secure their assent over the long and difficult haul, and failed equally until much too late to take account of the power as well as the nature of the cultural forces arrayed against them. Would it have made any difference to American policy if John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson had in those critical years actually been living where the new cultural impulses of the 1960s—impulses, indeed, that their own administrations had unwittingly helped so much to unleash—were first being given expression? Undoubtedly to some extent it would. For at the very least their minions and advisers, and possibly the presidents themselves, would have been absorbing—with, as it were, the very air they breathed—a far more highly calibrated body of information about the hearts and minds of those they governed than the gross, misleading numbers brought to Washington by means of polls and vote-counts. ("How many votes," sneered one of Johnson's White House aides in a private conversation about the growing opposition to the war in 1965, "does the Upper West Side of Manhattan have in Milwaukee, Wisconsin?" His employer was to pay dearly for that Washington-bred confusion of voting, which anyway expresses only a primitive choice between pre-selected alternatives, with influence.)

Why go over this by now dusty, trampled ground again? The nation's arrangements are what they are, and have been for two centuries. Washington was, after all, forced to foot a heavy bill for its electoral and bureaucratic philistinism over Vietnam, as was the entire country. If we speak of Vietnam, however, it is not merely to participate in the process of recrimination and exculpation that must be the standard ritual of exorcism for every wartime defeat. In the discussions of 1980 Vietnam reappears (or perhaps one ought to say, remains) because once more we are in the kind of crisis where the national ethos has become a necessary and critical

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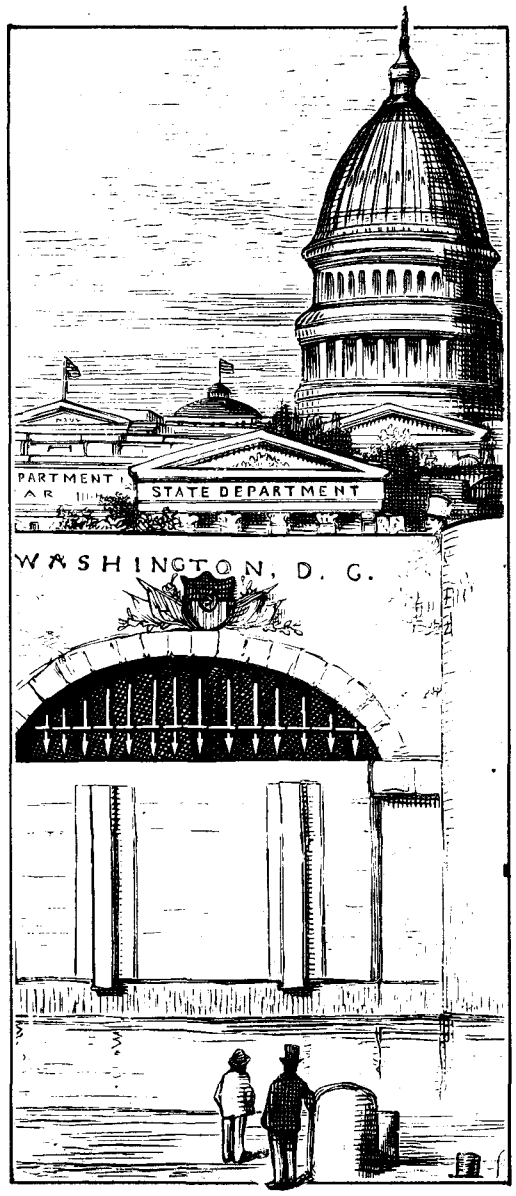
element in the proper shaping of American policy. And once more, predictably, the politicians and their servitors in the press, wrapped in the splendid isolation of their calling and the heady babble of presidential electioneering, will be invited by circumstance either to ignore or to misread it.

Vietnam shadows our present concerns in another, and perhaps more important, sense. Just as generals are said always to be preparing for the last war, so do our peacemakers seem to be keeping the last peace. The discovery that the demand for the United States to pull out of Vietnam had become a serious social as well as political issue, and not merely the whim of some dismissable small group of radicalized intellectuals—that, in fact, the radicalized intellectual community had itself succeeded in becoming a formidable constituency—was a discovery that came hard. Once arrived at, and celebrated with a mass abandonment of the war by most of the people who had launched it and at the same time made it unwinnable, that discovery remained in force. It continued to haunt the deliberations over policy, domestic as well as foreign, until only a moment ago, long after anyone paying respectful attention to the ebb and flow of ideas would have known that a new "discovery" was called for.

The content of this new turning in public attitude is now being undeniably revealed and yet, as these things go in American politics, is simultaneously being obfuscated in the presidential campaign. I speak here of the desire, even the passionate demand, to see the United States restored to its former status as a great and rich and respected world power: the desire that has come to be called, in the always over-hasty language of opinion-tracking, "the new nationalism" or "the new patriotism." Many separate elements and responses make up the final definition of this desire, just as many elements and responses went into the temporary and clouded retreat from it in the 1960s and 1970s. But insofar as American status in the world is concerned, it had already gathered sufficient steam to send people marching into the streets—and this time without an organized movement to direct them or movie stars to lead them—to protest government inaction at the taking of the hostages in Teheran. (If the marchers quickly returned indoors, they had nonetheless revealed in those first antic days in November 1979 the vast underground swell of dissatisfaction that propelled them.)



No doubt Washington was once again, as with Vietnam, taken by surprise. No doubt, too, the dizzying alternations of tough and placatory gestures that have for so long characterized American policy in the Persian Gulf have been the result of a baffled effort in the White House to read the mind of an electorate about to cast its vote for president. But whatever Carter's struggles to read the public temper at a critical moment in his career, and whatever their particular outcome, the so-called "new nationalism" is itself at a critical juncture. Will it be properly understood and accounted for in American policy? Or will it, like the opposition to the Vietnam War, be permitted to fester too long in those nether regions where ideas circulate and grow powerful, and distorted and poisonous, away from the light of political responsibility?

The evidence for the answer to these questions is, at the moment, mixed. To judge from the current statements of public officials, at least those public officials with real constituencies to answer to, there is growing recognition that the strategies of the recent past will no longer suffice. With a public traumatized, in turn, by the spectacle of our inability to influence the behavior of small sheikdoms, by the weakness of the dollar, by the contrariness of our European allies, by the almost careless cheekiness of the Russians, and by the dawning realization that we have reached a point of dangerous decline in military power, one can no longer earn credit merely by proclaiming oneself a man of peace and justice. Candidates, for instance, with a record of voting against military appropriations have commenced scurrying about to conceal their past. And statements of firm determination—firm determination to increase American productivity and make the economy grow, firm determination to strengthen our alliances, firm determination to protect the American national interest—are heard all around, right, left, and center. Indeed, the term "the American national interest" has been emblazoned on a huge public banner only faintly redolent of the moth balls in which it had been keeping lo these many years.

On the other hand, little in these expressions of firmness and determination betrays any serious attention either to the way the "new nationalists" are being moved or to what they are being moved by. One of the more curious phenomena of a curious time has been the impulse, in political debate, to tiptoe around issues of principle. It is as if, in the aftermath of the recent epidemic of a radicalism that spoke only, and thunderously, in terms of principle, public reference to such issues might brand the speaker a hopeless naif or something worse. Even as otherwise principled a gesture as boycotting the Moscow Olympics was advertised primarily for its virtue as a blow to the Russian economy.

Beyond any aversive effect from the style and manners of the Vietnam debate, there is the older and more deeply rooted habit, probably originating in the smoke-filled chambers of congressional barter and negotiation, of viewing all important questions of policy through the lens of political, and particularly economic, interest. So viewed, the new post-Vietnam mood appears to be an amalgam of demands for a continued cheap and plentiful supply of energy, favorable conditions for American industry, tax relief, control of inflation, and, so far as any "higher" aspirations are concerned, a restoration of American prestige and American status abroad as Number One. For those who applaud this mood, it is seen as a return to sanity about the facts of life. For those who deplore it, the new public attitude is seen as a selfish and self-deluded withdrawal from the pursuit of justice at home and the recognition of limits abroad—a turn, as we have endlessly been hearing, "to the right."

Thus, neither the favorable nor the hostile official view of the "new nationalism" betrays any real perception of its true source, which is not interests but ideas. One might better say, an idea. This idea, moreover, while it has many and various expressions, is an almost breathtakingly simple one: that American society is a good society. Just as the opposition to Vietnam with its many bitter social consequences took strength from, and was crucially based on, the opposite idea—that American society was at least a failed society and at worst a sick and evil one—so the growing demand to restore American power is crucially based on the proposition that the strength of the country is not only a material benefit to its inhabitants but a moral benefit in itself. The American

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people, in other words, wish not to be indulged but to be *confirmed.*

The issue, for example, that has turned an ever larger body of public sentiment against what are called the "liberal social programs" is a cultural rather than an economic one. These programs, once accepted as instruments for alleviating distress, have come to be seen as attempts to alter the social ground rules; they assume wrongdoings—and mete out rewards and penalties accordingly—that people do not feel their society is guilty of. The issue that has turned a growing body of sentiment hostile to the Third World, and particularly its surrogate, the UN, is also predominantly cultural. Once accepted as newcomers to the community of nations in need of aid, sympathy, and encouragement, Third-World countries now stand revealed as outrageously hypocritical and false attackers of American behavior. As for the Soviet Union, the new, or let us say reactivated old, sentiment about the Soviet Union contains a large component of rebellion against the Left-inspired notion of a convergence between Soviet and American societies.

Issues of this kind, with only rare exception, have not been and cannot be given more than the crudest expression in voting patterns, for elections are too gross a means either for registering or making any great effect upon the tides of cultural development. Yet in our day alone three Presidents, Johnson, Nixon, and Carter, have in one way or another foundered on their incomprehension of the intellectual and cultural forces that on the one side elected them and that on the other sought to defeat them. The president elected in November 1980 could easily suffer the same fate for the same reason.

II

What, then, ought the "new nationalism" to mean for the policies of the next administration? First of all, it cries out for an understanding that the old division between liberal and conservative, at any rate, as these terms have traditionally been used, no longer applies. A victory for Ronald Reagan not simply a mandate to re-create some vanished world of the free market, although, again to judge from the evidence of the culture, there is a new stirring of moral as well as theoretical approval for the old-time capitalist religion. Similarly a vote for Jimmy Carter is no gesture of praise either for his own record in office or for the recent programs of the Democratic party. The subject for now is American decline: the decline of American power abroad and the apparent decline of belief among the country's leadership class in the comity and workability of the society at home. On matters so central to the very question of survival intact, there is no liberal position and no conservative.

Second, it means that a most urgent priority for the new administration will be to find the necessary means, that is, military strength, and the true tone in which to conduct the country's dealings with the other nations of the world. By "tone" I do not mean rhetoric or language. There has recently been more than enough of both, belied by the accompanying music of actual intention. I mean the achievement of a genuine pitch at which commitments will be, and will be heard to be, commitments, promises, promises, and threats, threats. There must be a full-scale policy, a consistent posture, whose main principles will be as defined and binding on those who give them voice as they will be consequential to those listening. In short, foreign policy must be made to rest on the twin pillars of military strength and ideology.

For this, a temporizing preoccupation with what is meant by the "national interest," while obviously necessary, will not be enough. Interest without a clear ideological base can be a slippery and evanescent thing. It can speak in many voices. It offers the irresistible opportunity to be too clever by half.* One of the fateful questions of the twentieth century, "Why die for Danzig?" was a question asked, and as it seemed at the time not unreasonably, in the name of the national interest. The saving answer to that question, saving to the very lives and interests of several nations and scores of millions of people, would have been the simple—call it simple-minded, if you will—ideological one.

What is needed and being demanded now, in other words, needed in the world abroad and demanded at home, is a defense of democratic society. This, in a nutshell, is the mandate that the new nationalism seeks to impose on the next president of the United States. A merely military defense—and we are, alas, a very long way even from that—of the territory and interests and, yes, the national honor

* Witness Henry Kissinger's fascinating account in *White House Years,* of the notions and formulations behind the policy of détente, particularly as revealed in his memos to Nixon. No one could have had a broader or more penetrating grasp of the play of interest among Europe, the Soviet Union, and the United States, as well as inside Europe itself. The connections and conflicts become fairly dizzying in the brilliance with which he is able to analyze and then to synthesize them. One can imagine the gratitude and admiration with which Nixon, or any other boss, living in a world so largely made up of plodders, received such memos. And yet the policy they argued, worthy in its sophistication of the greatest statesmen of the ages, was ironically, and even in the not so long run, far from being in the best interests of the United States. And this because, like Kissinger's memos, it was a shimmering play of concretenesses with no hard, which is to say, abstract, center.

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of the society will by itself be inadequate to meet the felt demands now making their way through the world of ideas. What is more, the experience of the past half century has taught that without a sense of the special value of their society and political system, the American people will not yield up the wherewithal, in spirit or in kind, required for a true national defense.

There are many for whom this lesson has been an occasion for despair or for contempt. It is time, they have said, for the Americans to grow up, to put away their infernally tiresome preoccupation with themselves as a model to the world and learn to live with a wise respect for the long history of relations among nations and powers. This exhortation is, to be sure, a sometimes salutary one. The United States has been summoned by history to be, and thus must be prepared to behave as, a major world power among others. Moreover, the American need to be legitimated has worked both ways: If it made possible the grand policies that ensured the salvation of postwar Europe, which of course it did, by the same token it was to a very large degree responsible for our defeat in Vietnam, and for several other subsequent dangerous fiascos.

Yet taxing the country for its tendency to overrely on principle is ultimately fruitless as well as, in the the present crisis, misplaced. Fruitless because that is the way things are. Why this should be so is an interesting problem probably not too difficult for a gifted and imaginative historian to explain. He could not, however, in any case, explain it away: It is the nature of the beast. Those who would govern, as I have said, pay a steep price for their dismissal of regnant moral and social attitudes as a factor in their deliberations.

Moreover, in facing the current threat from the Soviet Union, the sentiment that lies behind the need for reconfirmation happens to be a sounder guide to policy than the old hard-headedness of the pundit or the worldly cynicism of the pol. For the Soviet Union is not merely another great power seeking to pursue its military and economic interests. The Soviet Union is an ideologically armed, continuingly expansive, revolutionary force. Where its armies, or the surrogate armies of its dependents, move, its political and social system moves as well. Where it hopes to exert influence, political parties committed to the imposition of that social and political system stand ready to undermine the indigenous social and political fabric.

The strongest, and perhaps in the long run the only, defense against the two-pronged Soviet menace of military power and political subversion is an equally well-armed but also equally confident assertion of the superiority, and superior staying-power, of Western-style democracy. Mere love of country and corresponding hatred of the Russians—that local nationalism which the optimistic preachers of American withdrawal from the world assure us must in the end defeat the spread of Russian power—has proven no adequate counterforce. If by itself this passion could stop the metastatic processes of Communist totalitarianism, the world would be a very different place: Hatred of the Russians is a widespread emotion, as is love of country, and nowhere more so than in Eastern Europe. No, it is a *free* society that by its very nature must depend upon the assent, and the hopes, of those who dwell in it; Communist society has all too brilliantly devised the means to govern without the benefits of popular consent.

Yet this seeming tactical disadvantage of free society, that it must live or die by the steadfast voluntary adherence of its members, is at the same time precisely its greatest strength in confronting the Soviet system. Beyond American nuclear power, there is little the Russians fear more than the example of freedom. Witness the almost incredible lengths of trouble they have put themselves to in order to protect their citizens and the citizens of their European empire from it. We have all but forgotten that if the Soviets have managed to put in place a most effective worldwide network of subversion, including Communist parties, agents, dupes, terrorist gangs, and so on, the West on its side represents a subversive danger to them.

III

All this is something that, albeit inchoately, America's "new patriots" struggle to give expression to. They feel threatened. Not only by the Soviet Union and not only by their government's increasingly evident inability to inspire confidence in the idea that they are, in fact, secure, but by the lack of attention, if not active hostility, all over the Western world to the verities they believe in. They believe the United States is a free and decent society, equal if not superior to any other. They believe that for the past 40 years the United States has been first, the arsenal, and next, the bastion, against the forces of political evil. They believe that without American power, coupled with an activist foreign policy, nothing could have stood in the way of that evil. They believe that the country has been more than fully repaid for any failure in Vietnam. They believe themselves capable of sacrifice if the demands on them to sacrifice are by their

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lights worthy. And they believe the time has come for a renewal of American self-respect and a resumption of American responsibility.

The question inevitably presents itself: How many such believers are there? How strong is the new patriotic impulse? The answer, as in the case of the antiwar movement, is, we do not know nor does it matter. Look to the culture, in which an ideological battle is now being waged and in which battle the recently dominant opponents of American power grow ever more enervated and uncertain and, in their enervation and uncertainty, ever more thinly shrill. The future of the political atmosphere, without support from which no one in office may conduct any but the most trivial of policies, lies in the relative strength of competing ideas.

And in this, the United States is but the whole world writ small. If the "new patriots" were truly to gain ascendancy—and there is much cheering though not yet conclusive evidence that they are doing so—it would make possible the first indispensable step in national revitalization: the assertion that American power is not only great but good. If the country were to be so revitalized, her allies in turn, concerted in what was now an effort not to beg for the most advantageous terms available but to secure the survival of a world political order, would have reason to become more resolute. And her enemies, confronted by the two things they most fear, Western power and Western ideology, would once again grow cautious and respectful.

A war of ideas may not be as aesthetically pleasing as a dance of doubts and complexities. It is certainly more demanding to conduct than a barter of near-term interests. Yet in a world living under the long shadow of V.I. Lenin, it is a war we are, whether we will it or not, engaged in. The moment may have come when we are to remind ourselves that, Lenin to the contrary, we need not inevitably lose. □

Francis X. Maier

RED-CURTAINED CATACOMBS

In little Lithuania a gigantic passion persists to haunt the Kremlin and apparently to bore the West.

Earlier this summer, three Russian women were expelled from the Soviet Union for publishing a feminist samizdat journal. Their exit produced an interesting study in contrasts. None of them was beaten up. None of them was sent to the gulag. And as far as the State Department knows, none of them had any trouble bringing her family to the West with her.

At about the same time, Nijole Sadunaite completed the final year of a six-year sentence for dissident activities: three years hard labor in a strict regime Mordovian prison camp, and three years internal exile in Siberia. Sadunaite, like the Russian feminists, was also associated with samizdat activism—in this case, with the *Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Lithuania,* which documents religious persecution and other human rights violations in the Soviet Baltic republic. Unlike the feminists, she was not invited to emigrate.

The three Russian women—Tatiana Mamonova, Tatiana Goritscheva, and Nataliya Nalachovskaya—drew the attention of American network television news, national news magazines, and a variety of leading news dailies across the country. Sadunaite's story, on the other hand, sparked a couple of brief blurbs in the far more obscure religious press.

The disparity in the media coverage of these two incidents is almost as disturbing as the disparity in the punishment meted out. But one can easily see why the Party chose to act as it did. Women's rights is a "progressive" issue (in the Marxist sense), and the international women's movement is vocal and well-covered by the Western press. As nearly every Soviet exile has pointed out, the regime can be surprisingly sensitive to the pressure of world criticism.

Nijole Sadunaite.

Religion, however, is *not* a progressive issue, and, to make matters worse Nijole Sadunaite, it turns out, is a clandestine nun. The Party, in treating her far more severely, betrayed its thorough knowledge of contemporary Western, and especially American, attitudes toward religion: Basically, the Soviets assumed they could get away with it. And they did.

But there was also an unstated fear in the Soviet treatment of Sadunaite that is quite different from the repression dealt out to the feminists, or even to Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn. Sadunaite's activism is representative of a growing minority nationalism which the Soviets, despite official propaganda, have been unable to head off.

Lithuania is one of the three Baltic states annexed by the Soviet Union in 1940. Ethnically, culturally, and linguistically it

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is distinct from "Great Russia": Its alphabet is Roman, its "psyche" is Western, and, because it enjoyed 22 years of independence from 1918 to 1940, its society is more self-assured and "relaxed" than that of its giant neighbor. Lithuania's literacy rate and standard of living tend to be higher than the Soviet average, and Socialist Realism has yet to extinguish residual Western influences in music and art.

The extent of Soviet crimes in Lithuania is difficult for Westerners to grasp. In the years since occupation, the Soviets have arrested and deported more than 300,000 Lithuanian artists, priests, intellectuals, and political leaders—the heart of the country's national spirit. In a nation of barely three million people, the loss has been staggering. The great majority of these exiles died in labor camps or have never returned. After World War II, Lithuanians waged a bitter and almost totally unreported eight-year guerrilla struggle against the Russians, a struggle they lost in the face of overwhelming Soviet numerical superiority, scorched-earth tactics, and counterterrorism. The West looked the other way.

As in Poland, the Soviet political repression has merely channeled the impulse for resistance back into the Church. Lithuania's national identity is bound up in its Catholic faith—and always has been. Early in its modern history, Lithuania was a pawn in the geopolitical struggles between Russia and Poland. Inevitably this gave the Catholic Church a position of special importance in Lithuanian culture, a position which solidified when a distinctly Lithuanian and peasant-based clergy emerged from Polish ecclesiastical domination in the nineteenth century. At the time of its seizure in 1940 Lithuania was 87 percent Latin-rite Catholic.

Today, despite 40 years of intense anti-religious education and propaganda, about 66 percent of the population is still active in the Catholic faith. Almost 90 percent of all Lithuanian children are baptized and almost as many receive their First Communion, in spite of Soviet law, which forbids children under 18 to go to Church unaccompanied by an adult and which fines priests for teaching catechism.

As in other Soviet republics, Lithuania's constitution guarantees the right of religious worship, but not the right to catechesis (without which, of course, the Church's many symbols and rites are stripped of meaning), or to evangelization. On the other hand, the active propagation of "scientific" atheism in Lithuania is not merely tolerated by constitutional mandate, it is heavily financed and aggressively carried out as well by the local Party machinery, and has become, in effect, the new state religion. This socialist atheism bears little resemblance to its complement in the desacralized West. The regime is as intolerant of "bourgeois" atheism —the kind which, although critical of religion, is willing to compete with it on equal terms—as it is of religion itself.

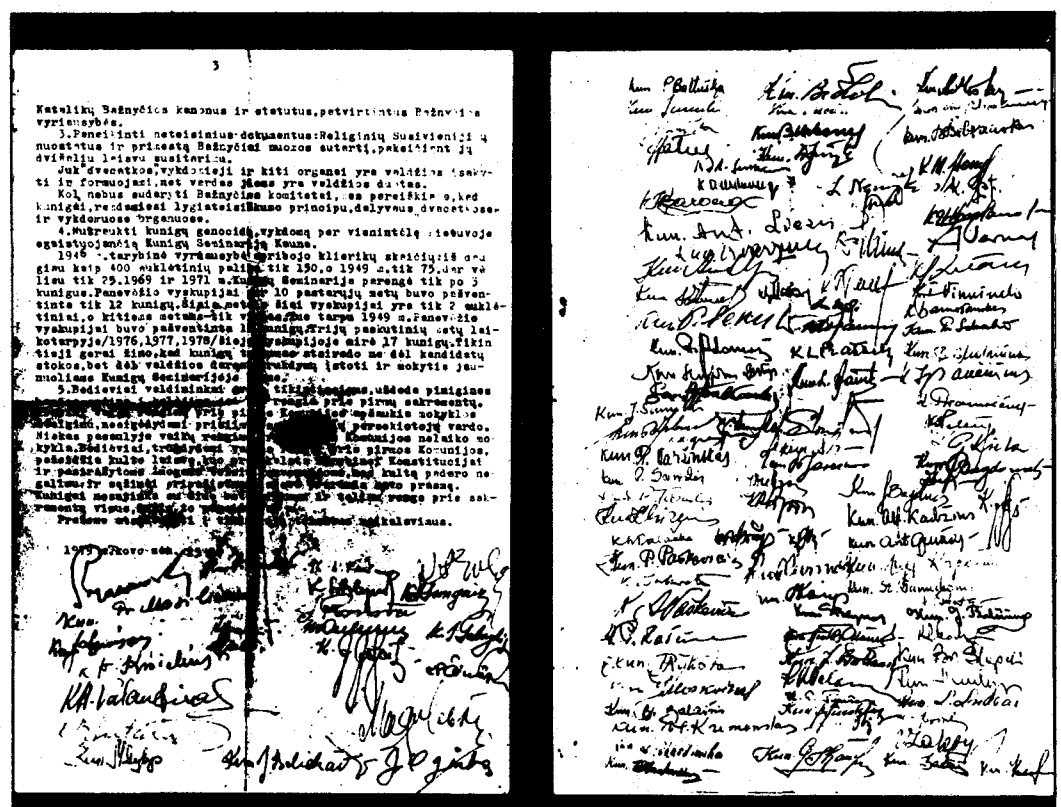
In recent years, more than *forty thousand* atheist lectures, courses, education drives, and publicity campaigns have been mounted by the Soviets to eradicate religious influence from daily Lithuanian life. According to Casimir Pugevicius, the editor of the English translations of the *Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Lithuania,* "The present policy of atheisization is a kind of perverse continuation of pre-revolutionary Russian policy, which was to root out national identity among minorities like the Poles or Lithuanians by forcibly converting them to Orthodoxy." Today, the Party has taken the place of Russian Orthodoxy as the agent of cultural repression, but many of the techniques are the same, among them, the heavy official preference for the Russian language and alphabet at the expense of Lithuania's own.

On a practical level, the Soviets effect their religious persecution not only through psychological warfare, but also through physical intimidation and legal harassment. The Church in Soviet Lithuania does not enjoy legal legitimacy; as an institution, it does not exist. Believers who seek to worship must form small parish councils of 20, called *dvitsakas.* These groups then "lease" the state-owned churches and sacred vessels from political authorities. The priesthood is not recognized as a legitimate profession; priests must therefore rely on their parishioners for their income, which is then disproportionately taxed. In the last two years, the authorities have also taken to "packing" parish councils with nonbelievers, who can then vote to close down the church on the grounds that it is no longer needed.

Not surprisingly, the regime pays special attention to the country's only seminary, in Kaunas. Soviet security agents, through the state's Commissioner of Religious Affairs, interview every seminary applicant and hold veto power over every candidate to the priesthood. In this way they may not only dissuade worthy candidates but also promote those who are morally and psychologically unfit, at the same time recruiting informers and *agents provocateurs* who may then sow the seeds of dissension within the local clergy. The regime also keeps the annual crop of new priests below the number of priests who die each year, thereby shrinking the clergy's ranks inexorably.

Meanwhile, parents who provide religious education to their children face career reprisals, fines, and even prison sentences. Children who persist in their belief (as documented by testimony at the Sakharov Hearings in Washington last year) face discrimination in the grading of their schoolwork, classroom humiliation from their teachers, and beatings from fellow students.

The objective of all this is, of course, the slow strangulation of the Catholic commu-



Signatures, dated March 25, 1979, of Lithuanian Roman Catholic priests protest new Soviet regulations which allow atheists a controlling vote in parish councils. The petition demands cessation of the "genocide of priests" being carried out at the sole surviving seminary in Lithuania.

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nity through a program of brutality and nuance. The level of anti-religious pressure must be intense enough to promote the steady decay of the Church but at the same time ostensibly light enough to keep the illusion of hope alive among believers: The prospect of some sort of spiritual *modus vivendi* with the state must always seem to be just around the corner. The last thing the regime wants is to provoke desperation, because this drives the Church underground, where combatting it is an infinitely more difficult job.

But this Soviet strategy has now clearly failed, which accounts for the severity of Nijole Sadunaite's sentence. Sadunaite was seized with a copy of the *Chronicle* in her typewriter. Despite her arrest and repeated KGB sweeps and crackdowns, the Soviets have failed to quash the *Chronicle*. It continues to appear every two months—more than 40 successive issues have reached the West since the early seventies—and is now the oldest uninterrupted samizdat journal in the Soviet Union. In the past year the *Chronicle* has acknowledged the existence of illegally ordained, underground priests, as well as a clandestine seminary. And the number of secret Religious sisters, like Sadunaite, now runs into the hundreds.

The Lithuanian reaction to Paul VI's *Ostpolitik* is much easier to understand once these facts are digested: The Soviet government saw in the Vatican's overtures an official way of isolating Catholic activists. The activists, in turn, reacted with feelings of panic and betrayal. In fact, one of the reasons for founding the *Chronicle* was to inform the Vatican of the real conditions of the Church in Lithuania.

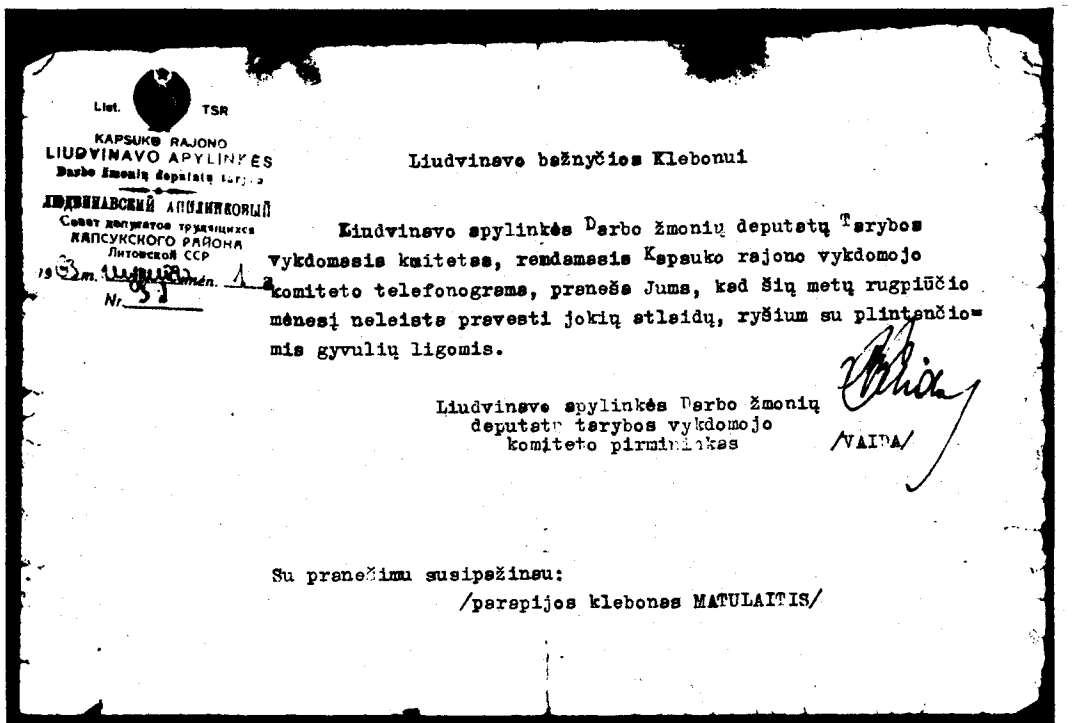
Since the election of John Paul II, the Vatican's *Ostpolitik* has changed. Lithuanians regard Karol Wojtyla—who, in Communist Poland, successfully outmaneuvered government authorities at their own game—as a man they can live with very comfortably indeed. And one of Wojtyla's first moves after his election was the naming of a new cardinal *in pectore* ("in the heart"), the process used for raising bishops to the red hat who cannot be publicly acknowledged for reasons of personal safety. That bishop is strongly rumored to be Lithuania's Julijonis Steponavicius, Archbishop of Vilnius. Lithuania's Catholics have understood the sign: They are not forgotten.

There is a temptation to regard Lithuania as just another sideshow in a century full of horror stories. Indeed, Baltic nationalism gets very little attention these days, even among American Catholics, who, in decades gone by, were legendary for their anti-Communism. But the plight of Lithuania's Catholics is merely the most dramatic example of what is now going on throughout the Soviet empire, where religious persecution is now more systematic, massive, and severe than at any time since the sixteenth century.

Amidst the ponderous acclamations on behalf of human rights in the American political and cultural rhetoric of the past several years, these violations of the right of religious belief have somehow suffered neglect and silence. This is probably less the result of a conscious prejudice than a function of the unique American schizophrenia regarding religion. We are a believing people: We were founded, at least in part, by religious refugees. But the bitterness of religious controversy also left its mark: We have sought, whenever possible, to remove sectarian disputes from the realm of political affairs. Thus, over the past three decades, as American culture has become increasingly secularized, we have somehow lost the capacity to appreciate the gravity of purely *religious* persecution.

But if America in particular and the post-Christian West in general tend to regard religion as a private—and therefore politically unimportant—affair, the Soviets very clearly do not. They have harassed Muslims throughout Soviet Asia, forcibly suppressed and outlawed Ukrainian-rite Catholicism, subverted the Russian Orthodox Church from within, shut down Jewish synagogues, and mercilessly hounded Protestant evangelicals (like the ones presently holed up in the American embassy in Moscow). The irony is that, as the spiritual dimension of Soviet life has been systematically destroyed, what has resulted is a wave of cynicism among educated youth, which has led, in turn, to a religious revival.

Of course, equally unsettling for the Soviets is the symbiotic relationship religious faith has developed with minority nationalism. Great Russians are now, for the first time, a minority in the Soviet Union, which means that the contradictions of Soviet cultural imperialism become ever more apparent. (Incidentally, this calls into question the integrity of the Western intelligentsia, which sophistically justifies the revolutionary violence of "emerging" nations but says nothing at all on behalf of recently *submerged* peoples.)



Lit. TSR
KAPSUKO RAJONO
LIUDVINAVO APYLINKĖS
Darbo žmonių deputatų tarybos
ЛЮДВИНАВСКИЙ АПЫЛИНКОВЫЙ
Совет депутатов трудящихся
КАПСУКСКОГО РАЙОНА
Литовской ССР
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Nr. 93

Liudvinavo bažnyčios Klebonui

Liudvinavo apylinkės Darbo žmonių deputatų Tarybos vykdomasis komitetas, remdamasis Kapsuko rajono vykdomojo komiteto telefonograma, praneša Jums, kad šių metų rugpiūčio mėnesį neleista pravesti jokių atlaidų, ryšium su plintančiomis gyvulių ligomis.

Liudvinavo apylinkės Darbo žmonių deputatų tarybos vykdomojo komiteto pirmininkas /VAIDA/

Su pranešimu susipažinau:
/parapijos klebonas MATULAITIS/

Lithuanian SSR, Kapsukas Rayon, Liudvinavas District,
Council of Working Peoples' Deputies

To the pastor of Liudvinavas Church

On the basis of a Kapsukas Rayon Executive Committee telegram, the Executive Committee of the Council of the Working Peoples' Deputies of Liudvinavas informs you that religious festivals during August of this year are forbidden due to the spreading of animal diseases.

Executive Committee Chairman of the Liudvinavas Working Peoples' Deputies,

Vaida

The modern Islamic upheaval has been characterized as the end of the Enlightenment, a rejection of both the ideological atheism of the East and the practical atheism of the West. Whether God exists or not —and I believe He does—man's eternal thirst for Him is a powerful witness against materialism and against the kind of human destiny that follows from it. This is why religion is, ultimately, "progressive": It is the guardian of hope, of the secret places of the human heart. It is the final, and the only impregnable, refuge from the modern state.

That is why God is hunted down so relentlessly by Soviet police. And why He always will be. □

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Kenneth S. Lynn

MALCOLM COWLEY FORGETS

Dear sweet old Malcolm, once, long ago, Stalin's American literary executioner, now purges his past.

Almost 50 years ago, Malcolm Cowley remarked in regard to *Exile's Return,* his forthcoming memoir of the 1920s, that "There is always the temptation, in writing about your own past, to interpret the facts discreetly with the purpose of showing what a wholly likeable fellow you were." In *The Dream of the Golden Mountains,** his recently published memoir of the 1930s, Cowley has succumbed to that temptation even more blatantly than he did in *Exile's Return*. Supposedly, the book is based on the articles and reviews he regularly contributed to the *New Republic* during the Depression years, but the image of himself he presents to us in *The Golden Mountains* is rather different from the man of the *New Republic* pieces. Although Cowley finally foreswore his political fellow traveling in 1940, he still has not acquired an adequate respect for historical truth. Just as he once ignored the patent falsity of the defendants' confessions at the Moscow purge trials in order to argue that the trials had been eminently just, so in *The Golden Mountains* he has not hesitated to consign unpleasant facts about what he said and did in the thirties to an Orwellian memory hole. Cowley is now in his eighties, and he has posterity very much in mind. If he has his way, history will not remember him as the man whom Eugene Lyons described in *The Red Decade* (1941) as "the Number One literary executioner for Stalin in America."

What the author of *The Golden Mountains* wants us to find most likeable about him is his honesty. One man is always representative of an age, he says of himself in the preface, "when he gives honest testimony about what he has felt and observed." On page 82, he recalls the nature of his literary ambitions in the thirties—"I wanted to write honestly." On page 228, he reminds us that in *Exile's Return* "I had taken the risk of speaking candidly about my own life." But Cowley's campaign to persuade us of his honesty is not merely carried out by bald assertion. Through the details he chooses to emphasize about his personality, he also seeks to convince us that he is a man to be trusted. "And that author, that observer who is trying to be candid about himself," Cowley writes, "what sort of person was he in 1930?" From a Harvard man who had spent most of the 1920s in Europe, we might expect an answer emphasizing his cosmopolitanism. But, as Benjamin Franklin discovered long ago, a cosmopolite can often enhance his credibility by pretending to be a rustic, and this lesson has apparently not been lost on the author of *The Golden Mountains*. Without qualification, Cowley insists that

> he was still a country boy after spending most of his life in cities; he had a farmer's blunt hands. . . . He never forgot that he came of people without pretensions, not quite members of the respectable middle class. He was slow of speech and had a farmer's large silences, though he was not slow-witted; people were fooled sometimes.

Along with his trustworthiness, Cowley would have us admire his benignity. Other historians have stressed the combativeness of American intellectual life in the early 1930s, but Cowley remembers the battles of those days as "good fun," and he plunged into them, he says, with the exhilaration of a college halfback diving into a scrimmage. Only gradually did he realize that "real blows were being exchanged by others." Did this realization then cause Cowley himself to turn nasty? *The Golden Mountains* offers no evidence that it did. Thus Cowley repeatedly praises John Dos Passos and Edmund Wilson without ever once suggesting that his earlier opinions of these writers had sometimes been less than complimentary. And while he freely admits that William Phillips, Philip Rahv, James T. Farrell, and other leftists sometimes "bludgeoned or shillelaghed me," as he ruefully says about Farrell's attacks, we get only the faintest sense of why they were so angry at him, and no sense at all that he ever replied to them in kind. In the confrontation he cites with Phillips and Rahv, for instance, Cowley asserts that, in the face of their comments, "not many [of which] were eulogistic," he was simply "amused and polite."

Yet while Cowley does not want us to fail to notice the contrast he alleges between his own manner and that of his critics, the principal business of his memoir is not to snipe at ancient adversaries. Indeed, more often than not Cowley is at pains to evade the issue of sectarian differences on the Left. Thus in his discussion of the Communist-front League of American Writers, the impression is created that anti-fascist intellectuals were indiscriminately welcomed into the organization and that no one was ever excluded or condemned for criticizing the Communist Party or the USSR, whereas the reverse was true. For the overriding purpose of *The Golden Mountains* is to rehabilitate the myth that the 1930s was an era of revolutionary brotherhood. What Cowley wants us to

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remember above all else about the thirties is that it was a time when hundreds of writers were caught up in a dream of a new social order—a dream of the golden mountains. "Our right fists raised in the Red Front salute," says Cowley, we marched forward toward "a classless society." The Soviet Union had "shown us the way."

The vision of a marching band of brothers so dominates Cowley's book that vitally important individuals frequently get lost in the shuffle, including, not least, the author. Repeatedly, the narrative "I" gives way to "we," or "they," or "the writers," or "the members," or "the delegates." And as the decade progresses and the bickering of the brotherhood intensifies to the point where it can no longer be ignored, Cowley is still apt to speak of anonymous groupings rather than of specific people.

> As for the Russian purges, . . . there would never be unanimity about them, except in respect to the general uneasiness they created among left-wing intellectuals. Even those who believed that the defendants were guilty of the crimes to which they confessed couldn't help feeling that the evidence revealed a disheartening state of affairs in Russia. As one trial followed another, more and more persons rejected the confessions, and soon they would also reject the Communist Party. But there was no unanimity even among the rejecters.

This passage does not even make clear where Cowley himself stood on the issue of the purges, but it does make clear why the author of an ostensibly personal book should have found it convenient to speak as often as he does in an impersonal vein. What better way, after all, for Cowley to avoid taking responsibility for certain positions he once held than to hide himself in a crowd?

Readers who are eager to meet the historical Malcolm Cowley will have to turn from *The Golden Mountains* to the relevant volumes of the *New Republic*. But readers who are concerned with the more interesting question of how a man goes about creating a historical myth about himself will want to read memoir and magazine in conjunction. The first of the many discrepancies between the two involves an obscure writer named Ralph Borsodi. On page 6 of *The Golden Mountains,* Cowley genially recalls him as one of the many visitors who came to the offices of the *New Republic* in the early years of the Depression to describe their schemes for remaking America. Borsodi's idea was to resettle millions of urban families on five-acre subsistence homesteads. The difficulty with the project, Cowley observes with wry good humor, is that it required capital, a part-time job in the city, and a cooperative wife like Mrs. Borsodi.

When we turn to Cowley's assessment of Borsodi in the *New Republic,* we find a different point of view. The writer's crackpot scheme did not strike Cowley as at all funny, it infuriated him. With the sort of rhetorical overkill which at the end of the thirties would belatedly prompt Edmund Wilson to castigate him for practicing "Stalinist character assassination of the most reckless and libelous sort," Cowley tore into the harmless crank as "a dangerous messiah." The reason for his fury was that as a back-to-the-land enthusiast Borsodi regarded the Soviet Union's titanic effort to industrialize as a terrible mistake. "He speaks with contempt and hatred," said Cowley, his voice quivering with contempt and hatred, "of everything done in Russia."

But of all the false impressions about himself that Cowley creates in *The Golden Mountains,* the most audacious is the proposition that he was fully committed to the Communist cause for only a few years. By 1935, he asserts, he had developed "doubts about what the party was doing in America and in Russia too." His *New Republic* pieces, however, demonstrate a continuing and unqualified adoration of Stalin. On April 24, 1935, for instance, Cowley drew a sneering contrast between the socialist H.G. Wells's Utopian fixation on the "golden future" and the Soviet dictator's awesomely impressive concentration on the "iron present." (If as a memoirist Cowley had been more true to the man he used to be, he would not have employed a golden metaphor in the title of his book, inasmuch as his imagination in the thirties was actually enthralled by a baser metal.)

One week later, the *New Republic*'s literary editor celebrated May Day with a review of the Communist Anna Louise Strong's *I Change Worlds.* With glowing approval, Cowley recapitulated Miss Strong's account of a high-level conference held in Moscow on the problem of what to do about the *Moscow News,* a somewhat unsuccessful illustrated weekly for American engineers and tourists, of which Miss Strong was the managing editor. Among those present at the conference was Stalin. "Stalin did not frown or pound his fist on the table," wrote Cowley, paraphrasing Miss Strong,

> he gave no commands; he scarcely made suggestions. He merely listened, asked people what they wanted, what they thought, but his questions went straight to the heart of things. Suddenly all the difficulties had vanished. It was decided to transform The Moscow News into a bigger and livelier paper. . . . These were not Stalin's orders. The decisions seemed to come from everybody and to express a common will. . . . [Thus was Miss Strong] given a sudden and lasting insight into the whole soviet system of administration. . . . A system like this—which Miss Strong describes more intelligently than any other writer on Russia—seems tyrannical to people on the outside, whereas, to those millions who help to formulate policies, it seems the most democratic system that ever existed.

On September 11, 1935, Cowley dis-

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missed George Kitchin's *Prisoner of the OGPU* as one of the myriad anti-Soviet books currently being published because "Messrs. Hitler, Hearst and their allies" are "frantic" that Western labor movements will take heart from the Soviet experiment. "Liars are paid by them at the best space rates. Old manuscripts are taken out of trunks, dusted off, peppered with atrocities and published as the latest news from Moscow." The real news, according to Cowley, was that "Yes, thank you, our Russian neighbors are doing quite well." With some of their major industrial and agricultural problems at last out of the way, the Soviet leaders were now "turning their attention to minor products—flower beds, jazz bands, joy, light wines and the secret ballot."

Cowley's whitewash of legal murder in Moscow appeared on April 7, 1937, in a review of *The Case of the Anti-Soviet Trotskyite Center,* issued by the USSR's Commissariat of Justice. That the defendants had displayed a Dostoevskian eagerness to confess to the most outlandish crimes was an idea without merit, in Cowley's opinion. "The behavior of the prisoners on the witness stand . . . was certainly that of guilty men lacking popular support and ashamed of the deeds that had brought them there." Far from being Dostoevskian, their behavior was "normal under the circumstances." It was only "their actions before arrest that belong in a Dostoevsky novel." The confessions, Cowley reiterated, were "undoubtedly sincere." As for the indictment, the major part of it was "proved beyond much possibility of doubting it." A year later, in a review of another volume of stenographic evidence about another trial, Cowley again was impressed by the "enormous accumulation of evidence" against the defendants, and again was contemptuous of the forced-confession theory. "There were no Tibetan drugs, no subtle Chinese tortures." The real question, he opined, "is not why the conspirators pleaded guilty, but why they conspired."

During the remaining months of 1938, Cowley demonstrated his unwavering devotion to Stalinism with a defense of the political censorship of literature and a scathing critique of the anti-Stalinist *Partisan Review* which its editors quite rightly termed "a malicious and politically motivated attack." Throughout 1939, Cowley still kept the faith, despite the announcement of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Thus in October of that year he described Stalin's embrace of Hitler not as the final betrayal of a revolution but as the "experiment" of a realist. The most shameful exhibition, however, of what Cowley was prepared to do for Stalin in 1939 was his participation in the literary execution of John Dos Passos.

When the second volume of *U.S.A.* was published in 1932, Cowley had praised the book as "a landmark in American fiction"; Dos Passos' writing, he said had "conviction, power, and a sense of depth, of striking through surfaces to the real forces beneath them." The reviewer also had warm words for the third volume of the trilogy when it appeared in 1936. On February 9, 1938, Cowley again took space in the *New Republic* to express his admiration for *U.S.A.* Sixteen months later, however, he and a number of other reviewers came down on Dos Passos' latest book, *Adventures of a Young Man,* like the knife blades of a rank of guillotines. As James T. Farrell shortly thereafter pointed out in an indignant essay in the *American Mercury,* Dos Passos had been judged on political, not literary, grounds. Having become disillusioned with the Communist Party's cynical manipulation of causes and issues, Dos Passos had written a novel to say farewell to the Left. *Adventures of a Young Man* had both the strengths and the weaknesses of all of Dos Passos' social fiction. While its characters were half-baked, the narrative had power and conviction and it struck through surfaces to the real forces beneath them. But because the book was much too strongly anti-Communist for prevailing Popular-Front tastes, it was condemned as a weak and inferior work. Cowley and company's reception of the novel, said Farrell, "reads like a warning to writers not to stray off the reservation of the Stalinist-controlled League of American Writers."

The thirties, in W.H. Auden's phrase, was "a low dishonest decade." One of the representative men of that era was the literary editor of the *New Republic,* but unlike Whittaker Chambers and other erstwhile servants of tyranny, he has not sought to redeem himself by coming clean about his former activities. *The Golden Mountains* is a cover-up. To the multiple dishonesties of Cowley's career we must also add the leading reviews of this book, all of which have praised it for precisely the quality it most conspicuously lacks. In the *New Republic,* R.W.B. Lewis spoke of the "cogency" of the memoir. In the *New York Times,* Alfred Kazin saluted the author as an "honest writer." In the *Washington Post,* Daniel Aaron asserted that "among the memorialists of the 1930s, Malcolm Cowley is one of the most reliable and informative." Moreover, Aaron adds, Cowley has "never confused literary standards with political loyalties." The memoirist's "easy idiomatic prose," says Aaron, "perfectly conveys his air of speculative detachment."

What in the world could have possessed these reviewers to make such irresponsible statements? The case of R.W.B. Lewis can be quickly dismissed. He simply does not know what he is talking about. The dishonesty of his review of Cowley's book consists of a pretension to an expertise about American literary life in the 1930s that he does not possess. The cases of Kazin and Aaron, however, are more complicated. There can be no doubt that both men are familiar with every piece of journalism that Cowley ever published. They were certainly in a position, therefore, to detect the disingenuousness of *The Golden Mountains.*

But in order to expose Cowley, Kazin would have been obliged to acknowledge certain unflattering truths about his own reviewing in the thirties, and, as Kazin's autobiographies amply demonstrate, he has no taste for self-criticism. In Kazin's books, Hell is other people, never himself. He has savagely caricatured the chairman of the Amherst College English Department, for instance, in which Kazin taught for some years; but if Kazin knows that he himself sometimes failed as a teacher, he has not shared the knowledge with his readers. Praising Cowley's cover-up as the work of an honest writer was the act of a writer who has a cover-up of his own to maintain.

Aaron's comments about *The Golden Mountains* are, in my opinion, a reflection of a personal need to go on ingratiating

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himself with the aging lions of the American Left. Twenty years ago, Aaron interviewed or corresponded with almost all of them in the process of writing a large book called *Writers on the Left,* and he apparently was so awed by the experience that he has never been able to criticize them. In a severely disapproving review of *Writers on the Left,* William Phillips of the *Partisan Review* called attention to Aaron's failure to offer any sort of critical evaluation of the people he had written about. "Aaron's seeming lack of bias actually produces a biased view of the 30s," Phillips pointed out, "the bias coming from the assumption that something called the 'record' is identical with the history." Clearly troubled by Phillips's review, Aaron published a long and defensive essay a few years later in which he announced that his attitude toward critical scholarship was the same as that of the ancient lady who owns the Aspern Papers in Henry James's story: "The truth is God's, it isn't man's; we had better leave it alone. Who can judge of it?—who can say?" If Malcolm Cowley says he has tried to write about the 1930s as candidly as he could, what right does a mere reviewer have to say that he has not? □

Jude Wanniski

REAGAN'S ADVICE SQUAD

Fourteen people who should lead the country—a missive to President Reagan.

Here it is, Wednesday morning, November 5, and the Republican Party is pinching itself, to make sure it isn't a dream. The GOP is in Fat City. Its presidential candidate, Ronald Reagan, had just won all 50 states, losing only the three electoral votes of the District of Columbia. The Congress is still in Democratic numerical control, but by the Republicans' picking up seven seats in the Senate and 47 seats in the House, Reagan has effective control for his legislative agenda.

Now, to put together a government, an executive staff, and a Cabinet. Washington is in a dither. For the last four years, Jimmy Carter has been the whole government, and each of the senior slots has been worth about as much as John Nance Garner's pitcher of warm spit. Reagan not only has a colossal mandate, which makes the idea of government service exciting again, but he has also made it clear that he expects to be a 9-to-5 president. He's not going to stick around to "wash the dishes," he says, which suggests that his team will be given a good deal of power and responsibility. So a lot of people want to come to Washington. This is not going to be an easy task.

To assist President-elect Reagan in the employment process, the Shadow Cabinet Committee has convened once again in a midtown Manhattan Italian restaurant to review its deliberations. The Committee is composed solely of men and women who read *The American Spectator.* The official Reagan task force on the Cabinet, composed entirely of men who read *Business Week,* is also meeting, in Washington, D.C. The official group will suggest Big, Important names, perhaps recommending one another for choice assignments. Its list will lean heavily toward former employees of Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford, which means no person under 50 years of age will be considered. This is the group that believes the Nixon-Ford administrations

would have been hugely successful if only the Watergate burglars had placed the tape vertically instead of horizontally.

Perhaps Richard Wilcke, president of the Council for a Competitive Economy, summed up the delusions of the official group best in his Council's August newsletter. "Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford were perceived by the business community as pro-business Presidents," he writes. "Yet they signed the bills that created the EPA, OSHA, National Highway Safety Administration, Consumer Product Safety Commission, Federal Energy Administration (now DOE), and others." Moreover,

> both Presidents dramatically increased the size and scope of the Federal government. Nixon imposed peacetime wage and price controls; Ford extended controls on energy. Both proposed record budgets and deficits. While Reagan's commitment to free enterprise may be greater (I wouldn't know), I see many of the same advisers lining up to give him "fresh" economic advice that gave "bad advice" to Nixon and Ford.

This is why the Shadow Cabinet Committee formed in early August, beginning its meetings at an apartment on Central Park South. Eggheads, journalists, polemicists, and a smattering of radical-conservative (supply-side) businessmen are in attendance. The rules are simple. No member of the ad hoc SCC can be named for any post. And the people named cannot be consulted on whether or not they would even be interested. The exercise is theoretical, aimed at producing the best possible Reagan Cabinet. In subsequent meetings, and over the telephone grape-

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vine, the list goes through several transformations. Few of the original names survive, as more people are drawn into the exercise and come up with superior "nominations." Finally, several positions are left open, lacking sufficient consensus in the Shadow group, which is actually composed of about 25 people.

Roughly in order of importance, here is the list of nominations by the SCC as of late August. The reason for rushing into print with such early speculation is, of course, to influence the selection process.

• • •

1. *President of the World Bank:* This is the most important selection Reagan will have to make. Robert McNamara retires next March, leaving behind him a Third World buried in debt, perhaps $300 billion owed to Western banks. The potential for war, revolution, famine, terror, and Communist takeovers is enormous. The right appointment could quickly defuse much of this tension by reversing World Bank/International Monetary Fund policies, that is, by inviting debtor nations to supply-side monetary and fiscal reforms.

There is broad agreement that the best man for the job is William Simon, especially after Hobart Rowan of the *Washington Post* declared Simon to be the "worst possible choice." The international bureaucrats are so worried that Reagan will be elected and Simon appointed that there is talk of filling the chair with a non-American this time. The appointment would not be popular in the world press, Simon being viewed as a flintheart. But he has the brass to stand up to the elites until the reforms can work to benefit the grassroots. In a year's time, Simon would find himself in an uncharacteristic position, a popular hero, with William Simon statues eventually sprouting over the developing world.

The Old Guard would put Simon in the Pentagon, a nonsensical spot for a fellow who has made his mark in finance. At Defense, he'd look like a Nixon-Ford retread. The World Bank appointment would be an audacious one by Reagan.

2. *Director of the Office of Management and Budget:* In the Carter administration this is a glamorless job. Carter himself has really run it since Bert Lance was purged. This is the most powerful domestic position, however. In a Reagan administration, the director would amount to being the assistant President. The job would have to go to someone who has the absolute confidence of the Reagan inner circle.

The obvious choice, hands down, is William Agee, the 41-year-old chairman and chief executive officer of the Bendix Corporation. Agee, originally from Idaho, has been on social terms with several of the Reagan inner circle for years. He was the first Fortune 500 chief outside California to endorse Reagan, when everyone else was going for Connally or Bush. He and Max Fisher, the Detroit industrialist, threw Reagan's biggest fundraiser during the primaries, in Fisher's home town. Senator Paul Laxalt, Reagan's campaign chairman, stayed at Agee's house during the GOP convention, and Reagan himself spent a day at the house practicing his acceptance speech. He threw parties for Baker, Bush, Connally, and Kemp and a big affair for the entire Reagan senior staff on the closing night of the convention. He's plenty close, in other words.

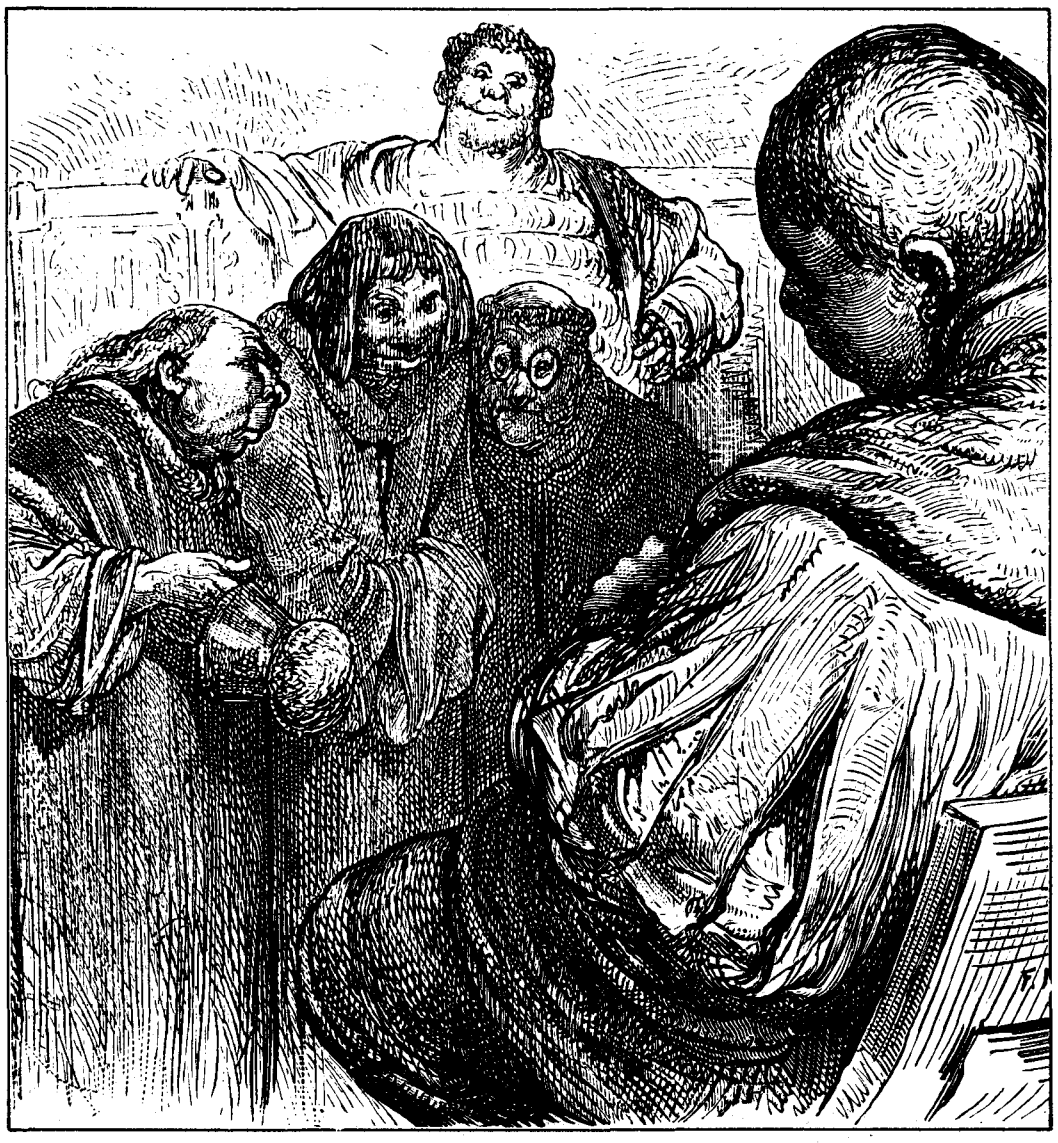
Agee's credentials for OMB are perfect. He skyrocketed to the top of Corporate America before his fortieth birthday, at Boise Cascade and Bendix, with finance as his strongest suit. He's written and spoken of the need for developing "strategic budget planning" at the federal level and he has schooled himself on the intricacies of the public and private pension laws and Social Security System. If he can be enticed to Washington, the Shadow Cabinet Committee believes he would be ideal.

3. *Secretary of State:* The fundamental assumption of the Trilateral Commission and Henry Kissinger has been that the United States is a declining power. From that defeatist tilt, policy inevitably becomes defensive, "lightening the load" by discarding the lowest priorities, radiating weakness rather than vitality. The Old Guard would install John Connally at State, because he radiates vitality; but he can't get over his idea that American domestic problems are caused by foreigners. Some on the SCC suggest Alexander Haig, but Haig has little grasp of global economics and commerce.

The SCC finally awards State to Donald Rumsfeld, who almost made it as Reagan's running mate. Reagan's foreign-policy advisers think Rumsfeld was the best Defense Secretary the nation has had in their memory, and would love to see him back at the Pentagon. But since he left DOD, Rumsfeld, 48, has spent three years running a multinational pharmaceutical company, G.D. Searle & Co., which does business in half the countries in the world. Thus, Rumsfeld's planetary travels now include commercial as well as diplomatic (NATO Ambassador) and military purposes.

Rumsfeld is overqualified for Defense, ideal for State. His reputation for "ruthlessness" is undeserved. He's brisk and relentless, the kind of fellow who gets to the heart of the matter (Cabinet meetings would end in time for Reagan to get his afternoon nap). He understands the importance of international economics and would complement Simon at World Bank. His appointment would immediately soothe American allies in Europe, who wonder if Reagan is really "trigger happy."

4. *Secretary of Treasury:* Reagan's administration will fail without exactly the right Treasury Secretary. He needs someone who views the world in classical economic terms and thus someone who will not be homogenized by the Keynesian and



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monetarist careerists at Treasury. But he also needs a Pillar of the Establishment, who will be able to sell Reagan's ambitious fiscal and monetary reforms, here and abroad. The Old Guard is pushing Charles Walker, Treasury Undersecretary in the Nixon administration, a fair choice.

The right man is Lewis E. Lehrman, 42, one of the best entrepreneur/financiers the country has every produced. From almost a standing start in 1963, he built what Morgan Stanley & Co. calls a "world-class fortune." He and his partners built the Rite-Aid Corporation of discount drugstores after he graduated from Yale in 1960, where he was the roommate of Bucky Bush, George's younger brother. He was in the original Bush "kitchen cabinet," and supported Bush through the primaries. But the Bush campaign rejected his ideas on fiscal and monetary reform, which happen to be identical to Reagan's.

The Lehrman Institute in upper Manhattan has provided the only forum for classical ideas in the last decade. The Institute has, through its myriad seminars on global public policy, exposed Lehrman to the leading academic, political, banking, and business figures of the world. He is, in addition, a Republican partisan, chairman of the New York State GOP economic policy committee. Sooner or later, it is expected he will seek elective office, perhaps the governorship in 1982.

Lehrman is as articulate a businessman as there exists, pens his own essays on the international and domestic economy, and has personal diplomatic skills that disarm his most hostile intellectual adversaries. His hero is Jacques Rueff, President De Gaulle's legendary finance minister, and he is personally publishing Rueff's collected works in both English and French, which he speaks fluently. One of his greatest admirers, Malcolm Forbes, Sr., believes he should be named Chairman of the Federal Reserve and has written so. The Shadow Cabinet Committee disagrees. Lehrman belongs at Treasury, to keep the Treasury bureaucrats from chiseling down Reagan's economic programs and then to guide them through Congress.

5. *Secretary of Defense:* Haig's name comes up again. But the SCC's Cabinet already has a Nixon man, at the World Bank, and a Nixon-Ford man, at State. It needs a "fresh face" at Defense, namely, Senator Henry Jackson, Democrat. In the last decade, Scoop Jackson has spent 90 percent of his considerable intelligence on national defense, and his influence reflects that commitment. The Cabinet also benefits by including a Democratic "regular," a respected member of Congress, who provides a conduit of information and ideas to and from Democratic and congressional sources. Senator Sam Nunn, Georgia Democrat and a younger man, also has broad support for this job.

6. *CIA Director:* John Connally. Like Simon and the World Bank, anywhere else Connally is a retread. At CIA, he's an entrepreneur, rebuilding the nation's intelligence capability. Very few opportunities to make speeches or get photo in newspapers, which will suit President Reagan just fine. As an alternative: John Connally as President of the World Bank, William Simon at CIA.

7. *Secretary of Energy:* Here, the SCC divides, between those who believe the job should be filled by an academic and those who argue it's time for an energy producer. The former propose Harry Rowen of the Stanford Business School, former president of Rand, a former deputy assistant secretary of Defense, former deputy director of OMB, a first-rate economist who has devoted much of his time in recent years to energy problems. There is also some interest in the SCC for Representative Phil Gramm, Texas Democrat, former economics professor.

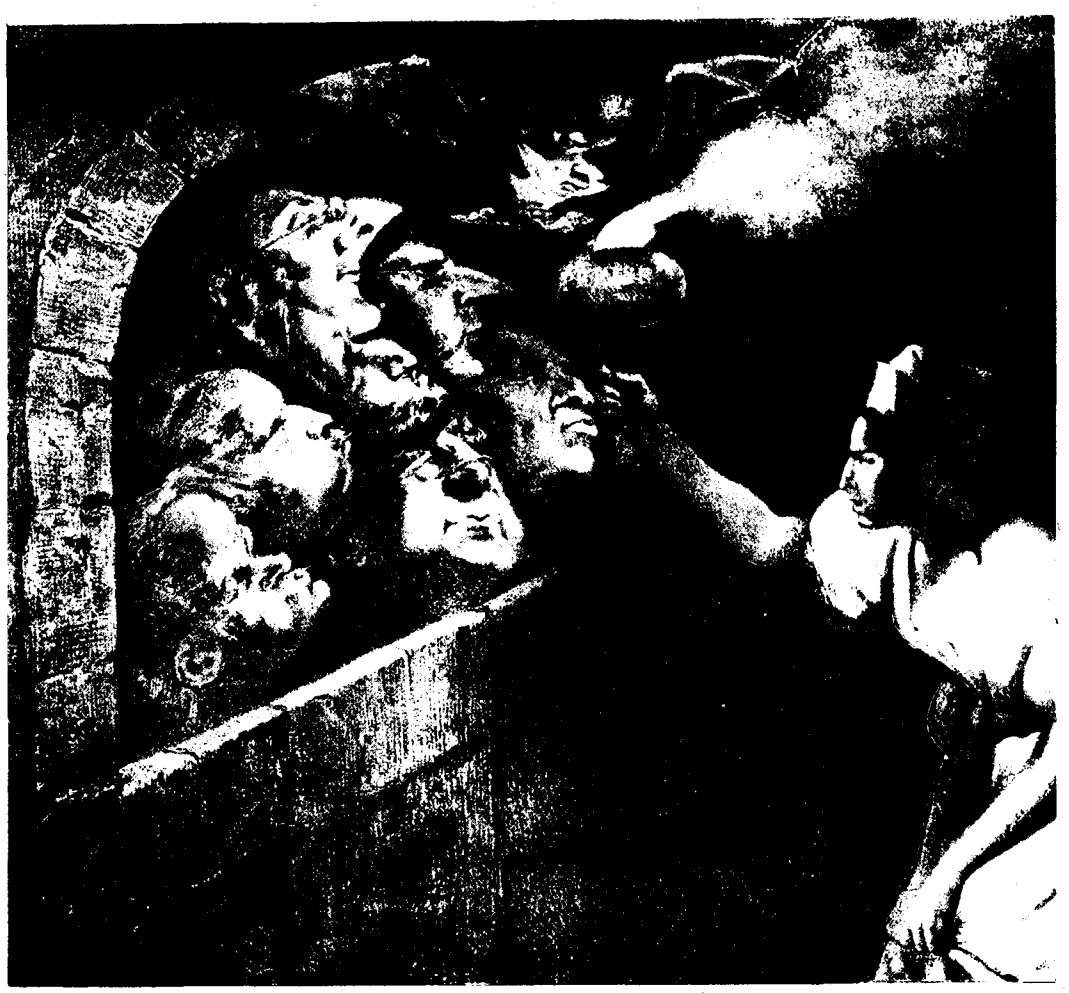
The group favoring an energy producer, specifically an oilman, believes that nothing less will do if there is going to be expanded energy production. All SCC participants agree that major oil company people are out, that if it is to be an oilman, it has to be an independent. One of Reagan's closest advisers on energy, Michael Halbouty of Houston, enjoys an international reputation as a geologist and as a wildcatter. And he'd probably love to be Secretary of Energy. Trouble is, the 60-year-old Halbouty is of the type that does not suffer fools gladly and thus could not survive on Capitol Hill.

If the nation's 12,000 independent oil and gas producers could have their pick, they would choose Charles John Miller, 48, of Allegan, Michigan. If John Wayne were cast as Halbouty, Jimmy Stewart would be cast as C. John Miller. Quiet, gracious, even-tempered, Miller is so popular in the industry that after it gave him almost every possible honor it awards, and he was still only 47, it began to award him seconds. He was president of the Independent Petroleum Association of America from 1973 to 1975. Last year, the IPAA drafted him to come back as president on the argument that the industry and nation were so imperiled that they needed the best man.

Miller and Reagan have known each other for four years, including private dinners at Reagan's home. The word is they like each other, which is not surprising in that their temperaments are almost identical.

8. *UN Ambassador:* Margaret Bush Wilson, chairman of the NAACP, is quoted by Ronald Reagan in many of his speeches. She's not only quotable, she's one of the smartest political women in the world, in the Margaret Thatcher class. Mrs. Wilson is responsible for turning the NAACP toward energy deregulation. She's fascinated by Reagan's economic program, the private sector, and supply-side ideas in general. But she thinks globally, in which manner her enthusiasm for private-sector solutions to economic problems could easily spread. Mrs. Wilson, a St. Louis lawyer by profession, would strengthen the Cabinet by providing both access and assurance to black Americans, and also adding a first-class political mind.

9. *Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers:* The SCC debate raged between those who said Arthur Laffer should have the job and those who said he should



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not have the job, on the grounds that he would be too controversial. Laffer, not a participant in the SCC, got wind of the debate and ended it by recommending the ideal CEA Chairman: Thomas Sowell of UCLA, the young, eminent, black economist who has written a book about Say's Law, the heart of classical economic theory. Sowell, a Reagan adviser, helped him write his Urban League speech in early August. If there is a "cinch" in the SCC "nominations," this is it. Even Martin Anderson, Reagan's chief economic adviser in the campaign, would endorse Sowell, who has Laffer's assets and none of his professional scars.

Anderson himself is surely ticketed for a White House assignment, heading the Domestic Council. If there is an Anderson on the CEA, it will be his wife, Annalise, who professes classical macroeconomics at Stanford and does it well.

10. *Attorney General:* Laurence Silberman, former Labor Undersecretary, former Deputy Attorney General, former Ambassador to Yugoslavia, now 44-year-old general counsel to Crocker Bank in San Francisco, one of the Reagan near-inner circle. There is also abundant SCC support for Robert Bork of Yale as Attorney General. But Bork, former Solicitor General, should be saved for Reagan's first Supreme Court appointment, or so runs the SCC consensus.

11. *Secretary of Commerce:* J. Peter Grace, president and chief executive officer of W.R. Grace & Co. One of the few Big Businessmen who ardently advocates economic policies to encourage the entrepreneur. He understands global markets and incentives, and at age 67 seems eager for an assignment to help Save Western Civilization. The SCC also shows some support for Luther Hodges, Jr., who is Commerce Undersecretary in the Carter administration, on the grounds that the defeated administration should also be represented in a Reagan Cabinet, and that Hodges, a former North Carolina banker whose father was JFK's Commerce Secretary, is one of the classiest Carterites.

12. *Secretary of Agriculture:* Clayton Yeutter, undersecretary to Earl Butz, now a Reagan adviser. A Nebraskan.

13. *Secretary of the Interior:* Representative Manuel Luhan of New Mexico, second-ranking Republican on House Interior Committee, Hispanic-American from a public-lands state.

14. *Secretary of Labor:* Old Nixon hands, like Melvin Laird, are promoting Nixon's first Labor Secretary, George Shultz, as Secretary of State. Shultz, who was also OMB Director and Treasury Secretary, should stay out of Washington where he would likely run into the Peter Principle, as he did at Treasury. Shultz does have a brilliant protegé, though, whom Reagan might draft into Shultz's old job: Kenneth Dam of the University of Chicago Law School. Dam was director of the Council on Economic Policy in the Nixon White House, knows his way around, is brainy, charming, and diplomatic—just the fellow to entertain Lane Kirkland while slashing the Labor Department's bloated budget. Dam, about 42, no doubt has his own sights set on Justice or the Supreme Court, but he needs a stepping stone. His mentor's is just the right size.

What about Health and Human Services, HUD, Education, and Transportation? There were plenty of names kicking around the Shadow Cabinet Committee, but it could not really get excited about filling these slots because they will inevitably be filled by "fresh faces" and not retreads. The SCC also assumed that important White House jobs were not subject to influence by "outsiders." Surely Edwin Meese III will be Reagan's chief of staff. Surely the job of National Security Advisor will be scaled down, as suggested by Richard V. Allen, to restore the pre-eminence of the Secretary of State, and the job would be filled by a lesser light than Allen. Surely Lyn Nofziger will be press secretary. And surely Pete Hannaford, who brings out the best in Reagan, will be nearby in some capacity. If there were two Hannafords, the SCC would make one Director of Internal Revenue and one Director of Communications.

What else? Plenty. There are about 2,500 subcabinet jobs that should be turned over as a result of the Reagan landslide. The Shadow Cabinet Committee contemplated forming a Shadow Subcabinet Subcommittee, but the above exercise was so exhausting that a motion was made to adjourn for drinks. It's no easy job putting together a Government. As Ronald Reagan will soon discover, it can give a fellow a dizzy feeling of power. But it can also be a headache. If you don't do it right the first time, you don't always get a second chance. □

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John Nollson

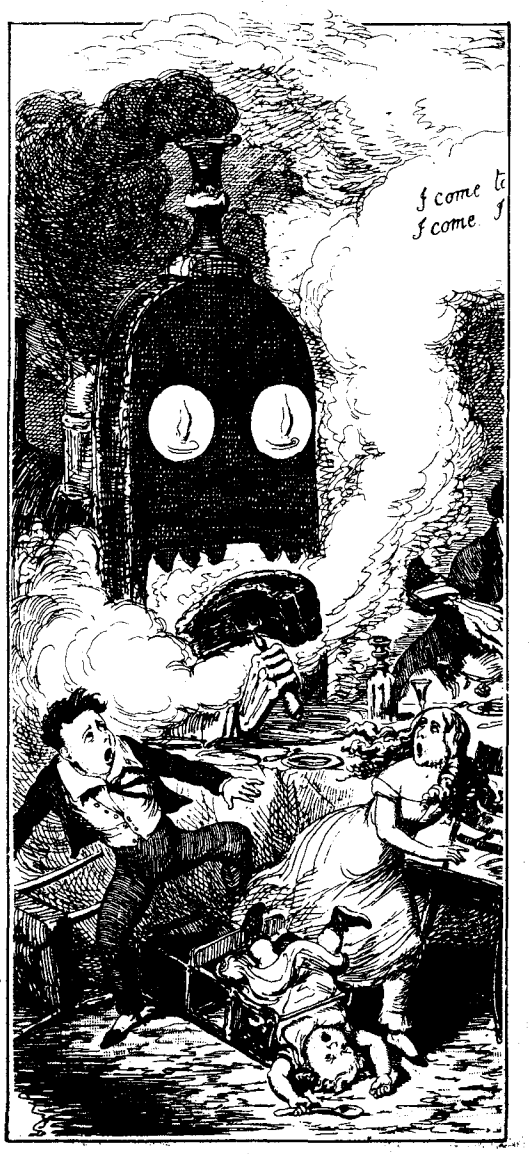
RAILROADING THE DEMOCRATS

Careful viewing of the Democratic National Convention, as broadcast by CBS, helped clear up many questions in the mind of this one particular citizen. Consider, for example, the cosmic noise. For years, I had wondered about the source of the mysterious noises I was hearing whenever I pointed my sensitive radio telescope toward the heavens. No matter the direction, the device would invariably pick up the same mundane and depressing hum. Why was this? Well, Arno A. Penzias and Robert W. Wilson, employees of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, were troubled by the *very same thing*. According to CBS, they were able to deduce that the noise came from heat left over by the Big Bang of billions of years ago. For so deducing, Penzias and Wilson won a Nobel Prize in physics. CBS reminded me of this for four consecutive evenings—indeed, several times each evening. Every time I saw the physicists receive their prizes in Stockholm I was made to feel small and dumb for not figuring it out myself. AT&T, in addition to its outrageous bills, really knows how to hurt a guy.

For months now, my young son has been after me to find his missing basketball. We have looked high and low for the thing. It was last seen sailing over the backboard of our neighborhood court, moving at phenomenal speed. As it rose above the nearby buildings, I attempted to figure out where it might come down. But no luck. Fortunately, a company called TRW, operating on the leading edge of high technology, has linked by computer more than a dozen telescopes around the world. This allows the Air Force to keep track of man-made objects in space. For four consecutive evenings, and several times each evening, CBS assured me that a company called TRW could find even a *basketball* in space, as far as 22,000 miles away. Once again, I was made to feel small and dumb for not making such an apparatus myself.

In response to constant nagging, I called TRW on the third day of the convention. The next day, just prior to the President's acceptance speech, they were able to tell me that the basketball was in synchronous orbit, somewhere above Guatemala. But the company had to admit that, even though it could find the basketball, it had no way of getting it back. This depressed me, because I had to go to Sears to buy another.

For years, Karl Malden has been warning us that our traveler's checks were going to be lifted somewhere between Paris and Lyons, or maybe in a crowded market in Hong Kong. The delegates refused to take these warnings to heart. Keen viewers probably noticed the commotion in the Iowa delegation when one delegate began shrieking hysterically that her traveler's checks were missing. Malden appeared to reassure the distraught delegate—who had come all the way from Des Moines—that American Express had an office on the convention floor where lost traveler's checks could be replaced on the spot. Malden, however, was mistaken for a Carter operative and was immediately set upon by a gang of sore losers. He was fortunate to escape with his life.



James Garner, former star of *Maverick*, apparently has a new lady friend. Whether it's Garner's wife, or his significant other, or just an old pal, CBS refuses to say. Nonetheless, the couple has a sure-fire way of restoring pep to a boring social gathering. When things lag, they go to their closet, get out their Polaroid One Step, and begin to snap pictures. On the third night of the convention, many delegates were observed doing this, handing out self-developing photos to giggles of delight. I managed to find my own One Step, under the hat where I had left it, and I snapped many photos of the television screen. But my own party seemed no more the lively for the use of the film.

John Schranz is a neighbor of mine who works for General Motors. Whenever I meet him in the supermarket, he says: "No two ways about it, we need the railroad industry in America." Having listened to this for God knows how many years, imagine my shock at seeing him driving his locomotive around during the convention. "No two ways about it," John kept saying, "we need the railroad industry in America." Few people know that Schranz was behind the wheel of a GM diesel which collided with a school bus at a nearby railroad crossing not so long ago. Fortunately, no one was hurt. Still, I was surprised that GM would entrust one of its machines to him. I realized, however, that he is not allowed to drive the thing at more than 11 miles per hour. Why does General Motors spend all that time and effort making a locomotive that won't go any faster than that? Even after my fifteenth look at John's ride on the engine, I couldn't figure it out.

But thank God for Willie Rawles. He's a utility man at General Motors and, according to the oft-broadcast message, his job is to fill in for absentees on the GM assembly line. Mr. Rawles can do a bit of everything, but he likes soldering best. Absenteeism must be a serious problem at GM for, on a dozen different occasions, there was Mr. Rawles in the factory, and always soldering. Why the attendance record of GM's solderers has become so poor, no one will say. Maybe they all decided to stay home, watch the convention, drink beer, and let Willie Rawles do their work for them. □

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OVERLOADING THE CIRCUITS

by Orrin G. Hatch

On March 4, Charles Winberry, an amiable lawyer and politico from North Carolina, became the first nominee to the federal bench to be rejected by the Senate Judiciary Committee in 43 years. Winberry earned this distinction because a coalition of Democrats and Republicans, including myself, thought him rightly disqualified by certain allegations of ethical and criminal wrongdoing. Yet, were it not for these allegations, there is little reason to suppose that Winberry would have been turned away, especially on the basis of his "judicial philosophy," whatever its ultimate nature. On this broader issue, hardly any of the new wave of nominees being processed under the 1978 Omnibus Judgeship Act are questioned at all. And increasingly some of us who have participated in these affairs are asking ourselves if this is right.

Judiciary Committee nomination hearings are held in a large, dark room in a remote corner of the Dirksen Senate Office Building. There is usually no press and no audience, just a few bored staff members and one or two senators. A court stenographer records the desultory exchanges. Sometimes, six or seven nominees are processed by the Committee within an hour. Barring unforeseen developments, these nominations for lifelong positions in the judiciary are approved by the full Committee without debate, by a voice vote, and reported to the full Senate, where they are approved finally under similar circumstances.

The casualness notwithstanding, what has been taking place here is nothing less than the transformation of an entire branch of the national government. It has occurred in an atmosphere that could not be more different from that attending the selection process for the executive branch. No armies of reporters assess the prospects of the nominees, no cameras focus upon those being elevated to permanent positions of national influence, and no commentators worry over the nuances of their public statements.

But how much less important will these people be to the tenor of our society? After all, it has been the federal judiciary, not the executive and certainly not the legislative branch, that has been in the forefront of change in recent years in the areas of race relations, crime and punishment, abortions, apportionment, women's rights, educational policies, land-use planning, federal-state relations, and the environment. In the month of June alone federal judges ordered the army to upgrade the dishonorable discharges of veterans involved in drug-related activities, dictated which textbooks were to be considered by Mississippi school districts, and ordered public funds appropriated for purposes expressly rejected by large majorities of both houses of Congress.

The Omnibus Judgeship Act of 1978 established 117 new federal district judgeships and 35 additional circuit judgeships. This increased the total number of federal court positions by nearly one third. With normal levels of attrition, this means that, whatever happens in November, President Carter will probably be responsible for appointing nearly one half of the federal bench by 1981, a legacy that will persist until well into the twenty-first century.

What is the nature of this legacy? Although it is difficult to discuss these matters with great certainty, it is likely that the Carter bench will be far more inclined toward "judicial activism" than the federal courts have been in the past. This, at a time when there is growing concern that the federal judiciary has already been too quick to usurp the legitimate prerogatives of other branches, and other levels, of government.

Despite his "commitment" to base judicial selection on merit, President Carter has remarked that, "If I didn't have to get Senate confirmation of all my appointees, I could just tell you flatly that 12 percent of all my judicial appointments would be black and 3 percent would be Spanish-speaking and 40 percent would be women and so forth." This need for "balance" on the court manifestly does not encompass philosophical balance.

In a study it conducted last year, the American Judicature Society concluded that only 3 percent of President Carter's appointees to the circuit courts viewed themselves as "conservative." To a man (or, increasingly, to a woman), they identifed themselves as "very liberal," "liberal," or "moderate," and as Democrats, many of them actively and partisanly so. Professor Sheldon Goldman of the University of Massachusetts has observed that the Carter appointees are more "liberal" than their predecessors, more "sensitive" to matters of civil liberties, and more likely to affect the laws governing the environment, labor, and race and sex discrimination. Not surprisingly, in their responses to a questionnaire prepared by Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada and myself, recent nominees spoke with eerie unanimity on the need for a "flexible" Constitution to meet the "evolving" needs of society.

A specific case of the philosophical uniformity among recent appointments is the District of Columbia Circuit Court, arguably the second most influential court in the land because of its jurisdiction over much of our nation's regulatory and environmental law. President Carter's four new nominees to this panel have been: Abner Mikva, a highly respected but undeniably left-wing congressman from the silk-stocking suburbs of Chicago; Patricia Wald, a Deputy Attorney General in the Carter Justice Department best known for her "progressive" views on "children's rights" (she has recommended, for example, suffrage at age 13); Harry Edwards, a black law professor from the University of Michigan noted for his support of "affirmative action"; and Ruth Bader Ginsburg, a Columbia University law professor best known for her feminist views and active participation in the ERA effort. No wonder Abram Chayes of the Harvard Law School, in a speech arguing that the "public interest" law movement should explicitly commit itself to economic redistribution, said that the "legacy of the administration" on the D.C. Court will be "superb and with us for a long time."

Beyond the D.C. Circuit, the transformation of the Federal bench has been less visible, but no less dramatic. The *National Law Journal* has observed, for example, that individuals with "strong liberal" backgrounds have been placed on, and are likely to dominate, the second and ninth circuit courts in New York and California, respectively.

So uncritical has the Judiciary Committee been in weighing upon these nominations that not a single vote of opposition was registered against one nominee who, when confronted with the question of how he would resolve differences between his conscience and the clear letter of the law, responded unhesitatingly that he would be obliged to abide by the former. Another nominee, receiving similar approval, described a

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recent Supreme Court decision limiting the scope of school busing as the "culmination of a national anti-black strategy" which is in turn fueled by Congress inclined toward policies "which drip with racist anti-city and anti-busing features."

In fact, the few controversies that have developed before the Committee over recent nominations, Winberry notwithstanding, have been over the issue of race. In these instances, the Committee minutely examines nominees for evidence of membership in organizations without sufficient numbers of blacks or other minorities. In addition, it scrutinizes the patterns of a nominee's judicial decisions for evidence of racial bias, and it reviews a nominee's clerk-hiring policies for the same thing.

Why haven't we pursued with similar tenacity signs that nominees subscribe to jurisprudential philosophies at variance with a large number of the American people and their representatives in Congress? Why has the confirmation process taken place amidst so much silence and inattention?

At least in part, this is attributable to the fact that most senators (and I am no exception) have only the vaguest idea of just what their role ought to be in the confirmation process. There are no clear, commonly accepted standards by which nominations are weighed. During the Winberry nomination, for example, senators sharply disagreed over whether a legal standard of criminal guilt ("beyond a reasonable doubt") was necessary before the nomination could be properly rejected. In fact, for most senators, once the Committee has determined the legal competence of a nominee, and ensured his compliance with a modicum of ethical standards, it has done its job. Never mind that a nominee is "liberal" or "conservative," "activist" or "strict constructionist," with or without sympathy with the judicial trends of the day. To question him on his jurisprudential views would be somehow inappropriate—or so it is thought.

Whatever its virtues during normal times, when nominees appear before the Committee only infrequently, such thinking is dangerous when the entire judicial branch is being refashioned over a short period of time. Moreover, the spirit of institutional comity which prevents senators from questioning the qualifications of candidates from their colleagues' states is manifestly abused when these candidates fall into a sustained ideological pattern. The defects, flaws, and ideological biases that are countered, or at least tempered, by a nomination process that occurs over a long period of time are only exacerbated when the process is compressed.

The Republicans in the Senate can be faulted for not having recognized the ways in which the regular confirmation process differs from the process set in motion by the Omnibus Judgeship Act. They have allowed the administration to set the priorities for the confirmation process. They have cooperated with them in efficiently handling the unprecedented flow of nominations. But they have not scrutinized them, nor have they drawn the public's attention to the events taking place here.

As a partisan, I am apprehensive that many of the policies likely to be adopted by what I hope are future Republican majorities in Congress are likely to be tested severely by the Carter "windfall" judiciary. More important, as an American who believes strongly in the constitutional principles of checks and balances, federalism, and the separation of powers, I am concerned by the school of jurisprudence, now taking deep root in our judiciary, that does not, to my mind, respect these principles. □

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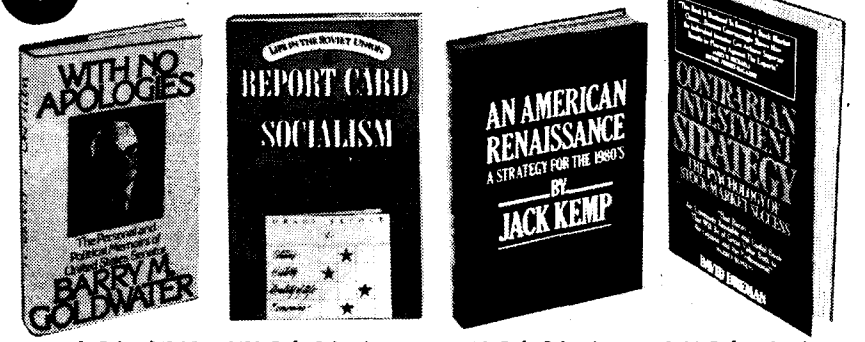

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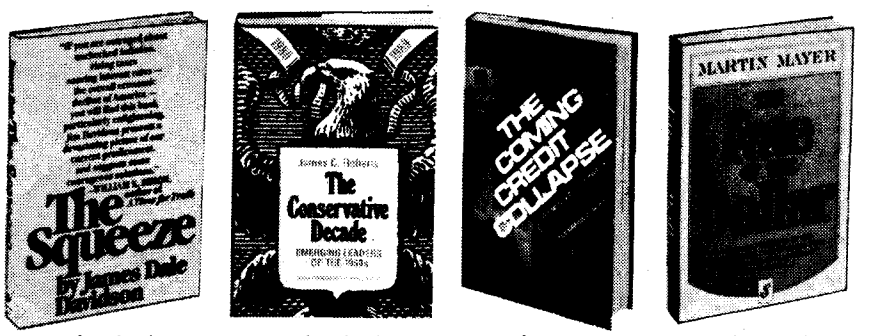

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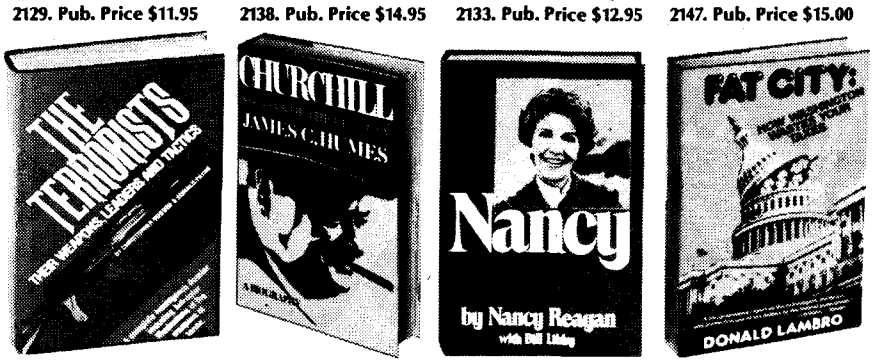

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WILD ABOUT HENRY

by Richard Hanser

For the passage of time to turn an iconoclast into an icon is not all that rare, but there is always a cruelly comical element in the process when it happens. It is as if the dragon, disregarding St. George's sword, buckler, and hostile intent, should gather him to its bosom with happy cries of "Atta boy, George! Come to Papa!" Or as if the Christian Endeavor, in pious conclave assembled, should rise to its feet to acclaim Robert Ingersoll for spreading truth and wisdom.

Those are fantasies, of course, but something that lags not far behind them for irony and incongruity has in fact befallen Henry Louis Mencken, of all people. The centenary of his birth in September 1980 has been taken as a cause for pious celebration by many of the same folk he spent a lifetime knocking in the head.

Long before his death, in one of the playful *obiter dicta* he used to scatter among his longer pieces, he gave his own idea of how he might best be saluted *post mortem*. "If, after I depart this vale," he said, "you ever remember me and have thought to please my ghost, forgive some sinner and wink your eye at some homely girl." This was far too engaging and unconventional a notion to be taken seriously, of course. Those who now have thought to please his ghost go about it in ways that may well be causing the same roars of derision in Gehenna that the living Mencken emitted so freely when he walked the earth.

Did he regard oratory as "the lowest of all the arts" and ask: "What genuinely civilized man would turn out to hear even the champion orator of the country?" Well, oratory was the centerpiece of the Mencken epiphany that was celebrated on September 12 at the Belvedere Hotel in Baltimore. The demand for tickets to the rites, at 15 dollars a throw, turned out to be so overwhelming that an identical orgy was arranged for the following day to accommodate the overflow of idolators. ("The will to worship," he said, "never flags.") On both occasions the role of champion orator was assumed by Alistair Cooke, whose Chesterfieldian suavity remains miraculously untarnished after some 45 years on these shores.

Needless to say, the banquet room of the Belvedere, with its $150 tables, is a long cry, in style and ambience, from Mencken's own idea of after-hour conviviality. What he relished was a shirt-sleeve session of his beloved Saturday Night Club in the back room of Hildebrandt's music shop. "A refined and intellectual struggle with the Rum Demon," he called one such bash, "with music by Haydn." Or perhaps an unbuttoned romp at Shellhase's saloon where "after an opening bust of melody we slide to the beer table, and stick there until the last kidney gives out." There was nothing Belvedere or Chesterfieldian about Henry Mencken on his nights out.

High on his ample list of prejudices was the teaching profession. He began one of his blowtorch commentaries with the words: "Next to the clerk in holy orders, the fellow with the foulest job in the world is the school master." He publicly proclaimed his sympathy for college boys who, he said, were "daily and hourly affronted with balderdash by chalky pedagogues." And he characterized one of America's most highly regarded professors, a veritable ornament of academia, as "a geyser of pishposh."

Nevertheless, bevies of chalky pedagogues, choosing to disregard Mencken's opinion of their breed, rallied round the pentecostal observances. A dozen universities and colleges are even now spreading themselves with lectures, courses, exhibitions, and other academic vaudeville of the sort that made him hoot when he paid any attention to it at all. Hotbeds of the higher literacy like the University of Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, Goucher, and, of course, the University of Maryland are projecting their flattering unctions upon the *Geburtstagkind* well into 1981. (He himself never got beyond Baltimore Polytechnic.) An "H.L. Mencken Forensic Tournament," complete with debates and speech contests, is to be held this December at Towson State University, which is also offering a course called "H.L. Mencken: Bad Boy of Baltimore," conducted by one of the distinguished members of the English faculty.

Always, whether as reporter or editor, as literary critic or social commentator, Mencken was an outright and relentless adversary of just about everything the ruck of his fellow Americans cherished and revered.

He was wonderfully eclectic in his antipathies, and if he hooted at socialists and uplifters he was also contemptuous of "the wealthy bounders who run the United States" and who, he said, threatened to "raise the boobery in revolt" with their "intolerable hoggishness." He was forever cuffing, tweaking, and bludgeoning the types he once capsulized as "bishops, college professors, Rotary lecturers and other such professional damned fools."

But his fundamental and enduring antagonism was reserved for the intrusion of the state into the living-space of the individual. "I still believe firmly," he said in 1937, "that the two greatest intellectual possessions of modern man are the idea of personal freedom and the idea of the limitation of government." It followed that he had a grim opinion of Franklin Roosevelt and the whole political apparatus erected in his name. Some of his most withering blasts were discharged at what he saw as the social degeneration spreading in ever widening circles from Washington. He was a dedicated foe of Big Brother before the name was minted. "I incline to the Right," he once wrote, "and am a Tory in politics." He spoke scathingly of liberals ("also my enemies") with "their jugs of Peruna" and "their brummagem Utopias."

But the liberal community took over the centenary revels from the start and marked them for its own. One winces to think how he would rend heaven with his howls could he know that something called the National Endowment for the Humanities, one of Washington's more redundant cultural agencies, has shelled out government grant money for a convocation of Mencken *Gelehrten* in Chicago and has lavished further public funds on a television drama called *The Ghost of H.L. Mencken* by the gifted thespians of the Maryland Center for Public Broadcasting.

But perhaps the crowning, and crushing, irony is manifest in what has happened to the Mencken home

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Richard Hanser is a documentary film writer and author of A Noble Treason: The Revolt of the Munich Students Against Hitler.

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at 1524 Hollins Street in West Baltimore, the place which, as he told one of his biographers, was "as much a part of me as my own two hands." In his lifetime he left it only with the greatest reluctance when his editorial duties—at the *Smart Set* and *American Mercury*—called him to Manhattan. One of a red-brick row of identical dwellings typical of Baltimore, the Hollins Street house is the sanctum of Menckeniana, the shrine, the fount from which flowed that dazzling outpouring of vituperation upon what he called "this glorious commonwealth of morons." For the celebration, it has been made into a tourist attraction of sorts, catering to what he once called "the inferior man's unquenchable desire to grovel and admire." But that is not the worst. Consider: Mencken's home at 1524 Hollins Street has been taken over by, and now is in the custody of, the University of Maryland's School of Social Work and Community Planning.

The centenary observances, cluttered as they are with rites, formulas, and associations which he himself found absurd, and which in consequence take on a tinge of burlesque, nevertheless attest to the enduring place of Mencken in American life. It is hard—it is impossible—to think of a contemporary writer who will be equally celebrated when the calendar registers the 100th anniversary of his birth. Those of us who may feel inclined to observe the Mencken centenary without oratory or guided tours can easily find ways of doing so. For one thing, we can heed his own suggestion. After forgiving the sinner of our choice, we have only to keep an eye out for a homely girl. And then wink at her. □

THE NATION'S PULSE

CONFIRMATIONS OF INDEPENDENCE

by Arthur F. Fergenson

In 1974 Congress amended the Federal Election Campaign Act to include, among other things, limits on contributions to candidates for federal office. The Act as amended was challenged in 1976 by a diverse group of plaintiffs (and for a variety of reasons), but was largely upheld by the Supreme Court in an excruciatingly long, and, even for the Court, boring opinion. The Court *did,* however, rule certain parts of the Act unconstitutional, among which, the limitation on independent expenditures, that is, on expenditures by people who have not coordinated their political activities with the candidate they are supporting.

Even so, this summer Common Cause filed suit in federal court to prevent several groups from making independent expenditures on behalf of Ronald Reagan, and, in spirit at least, it was joined by a host of others who would like to see the benefits Reagan supposedly derives from these independent expenditures end. Common Cause lost the first round in late August when the federal district court in Washington, D.C., rejected its challenge. But Common Cause can be expected to press its case in other forums through judicial appeal or by other legal or legislative harassments.

Common Cause and its allies maintain that the sheer number of independent expenditures for Reagan renders them illegal, and that the Supreme Court could not have anticipated the use of the independent expenditures "loophole" in the ways that Reagan's supporters intend. Inevitably the case against these independent expenditures is put forward as if grounded in democratic principles. Upon closer examination, however, it betrays the tendentious reasoning and specious logic that so often lie behind causes advanced in the "public interest."

Arthur F. Fergenson is Associate Professor at the University of Maryland School of Law at Baltimore.

To begin with, the right to make independent expenditures is not a "loophole." As the Court reasoned in 1976, the right to political speech, comprising in part the right to spend money on behalf of a candidate, stands at the highest level of our constitutional system. The sole constitutional justification for restricting campaign financing, the Court rightly argued, is the prevention of corruption or of the appearance of corruption on the part of a candidate: An expenditure made independent of a candidate affords no such possibility.

Thus, Common Cause could not object on purely constitutional grounds, but instead must rely on other kinds of criticisms, the sort which aim at discrediting the "loophole" to such an extent as to make it appear illegal. It maintains, for instance, that independent expenditures are unfair, giving one candidate an advantage over the other. After all, it argues, Carter and Reagan are given the same amount of federal money to run their campaigns (almost $30 million each) and that equality should be preserved. But of course the First Amendment is interested in liberty, not equality. As the Court stated in its 1976 decision:

> The concept that government may restrict the speech of some elements in order to enhance the relative voice of others is wholly foreign to the First Amendment. . . . The First Amendment's protection against governmental abridgement of free expression cannot properly be made to depend on a person's financial ability to engage in public discussion.

It is, thus, of no constitutional weight that Carter may come to be at even a substantial disadvantage in the election because of pro-Reagan independent expenditure committees. It is only necessary that Carter's followers be as free as Reagan's to speak their minds and spend their money on behalf of their candidate.

To argue that Reagan is unfairly helped by independent expenditures is to ignore the legitimate interests of Reagan's supporters. They may, after all, run independent campaigns that are not entirely pleasing to Reagan. Or they may devote part of their efforts to keeping him "honest," preventing him, to the extent they can, from moving to the left. Whether their efforts in fact benefit Reagan or work against him, their right to make those efforts stands firm. In short, it is the free speech of Reagan's supporters which is at stake: It is their speech—not Reagan's—that Common Cause would abridge.

The opponents of independent expenditures do not stop there, of course. They worry also about other things, like money; specifically, they worry that without effective limits on campaign spending too much money will be wasted or badly spent, drowning the American people in a distorting and mindless mass media campaign. Independent expenditures, they point out, make effective limits impossible.

Among the many silly arguments advanced against independent expenditures, this is perhaps the silliest —but it is also dangerous. Who is to say how much money is too much? Certainly the $60 million the federal government gives to the two major parties is a tiny amount to spend on the most important educative process this country engages in. Besides, money itself is not being tossed at the American people. Money is being translated by a political campaign into communicative activity. There is no difference between saying that too much money is spent on politics and saying that there is too much political speech.

Moreover, the First Amendment is indifferent to the quality of speech. And if quality were to be our main concern, as a policy question alone, the argument would have to run toward spending more money, not less. With more money, candidates might well become less concerned with the most cost-effective ways of communicating with the public, like television spots, and might be able to afford more meaningful (literally) kinds of communication, like the distribution of position papers.

Unfortunately, Common Cause enjoys a cultural legitimacy that the "merits" of its theories hardly justify. Despite the pernicious absurdity of its case against independent expenditures, Common Cause does threaten the right to make them. Which should lead Reagan supporters to consider taking up another

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strategy, or, in Common Cause's parlance, another "loophole": independent non-expenditures. Here Common Cause would finally, and justly, be rendered impotent.

Independent non-expenditures are used to pay for political communications that do not expressly advocate the election or defeat of a clearly identified candidate. Specifically, they are *not* used to couple words like "vote for," "elect," "support," or "cast your ballot for/against" with a candidate's name or likeness. Whereas independent expenditures are subject to disclosure under the Campaign Act, independent non-expenditures are not. And whereas the Campaign Act limits contributions to independent expenditure committees (clearly unconstitutional, by the way), it affects independent non-expenditures not at all. In fact, independent non-expenditures cannot constitutionally be regulated in any way by the federal government, or by the states.

For avoiding federal election regulations—regulations often unconstitutional in essence—independent non-expenditures have much to recommend them. But do they educate the body politic? Do they "work"? Indeed, they do. In 1976 the union of state and local government workers circulated a poster which depicted Gerald Ford wearing a button reading "Pardon Me" and embracing former President Nixon. The poster also featured a quotation from a 1974 Ford speech: "I can say from the bottom of my heart—the President of the U.S. is innocent, and he is right." The Federal Election Commission brought suit against the union in federal district court, claiming that the poster was an independent expenditure and that the union violated the law by failing to report it. The court held that since there was no express advocacy of election or defeat, the expenditure was not covered by the campaign law. Similarly, the Second Circuit Court of Appeals recently ruled that the distribution of the voting record of a congressman alongside a critical commentary was not an independent expenditure, since there was no "unambiguous statement in favor of or against the election" of a candidate. The "purpose" of the distributors was held to be irrelevant.

Imagine the possibilities. It is simplicity itself to tailor newspaper and television advertising—even house-to-house canvassing—to avoid the use of partisan language. And the message would be put across no less forcefully. After all, there could hardly have been a more political statement in the 1976 campaign than the "Pardon Me" poster. The pro-Reagan people could, with total disregard of the Federal Election Campaign Act, praise Reagan and savage Carter, or, to put it another way, compare the two men, consider the important issues they address, and criticize Carter's record as President and praise Reagan's record as Governor. The only thing the advertisements could not do is say "Elect Reagan" or "Dump Carter." They could be financed by contributions in excess of $5,000 and the contributors' names would be confidential.

There is recent evidence that at least some organizations are aware of their First Amendment right to engage in independent non-expenditure. In the *New York Times* of July 24, 1980, for example, the Chase Manhattan Bank—a corporation forbidden under federal law from supporting or opposing candidates for federal office—took out a full-page advertisement announcing that after a "long and thoughtful look" at the First Amendment the Bank had answered in the affirmative the question of "whether an institution such as ours should continue to speak out on important and sometimes sensitive issues in the middle of a national election." What are some of the "important economic issues" on which the Bank would speak? "The need for greater productivity," "the need to stimulate research and development," "tax incentives to spur investment, generate capital and modernize our industrial plants," "government over-regulation," "inflation," and "the spurious rhetoric about 'excessive' corporate profits." Whose issues are these? Not Carter's.

The opportunity thus exists for any group of like-minded individuals to band together and promote the candidacy of any individual running for public office without having to suffer interference from the Federal Election Commission or from the public-interest lobbies in Washington attempting to serve our national conscience. Though thwarted this time, Common Cause will appeal, and its persistence may persuade the independent Reagan committees to seek the constitutional protection afforded independent non-expenditures, rather than face endless litigation. But above all, because those who believe in Reagan believe in freedom, they will not be easily silenced. □

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COUNTING OUR BLESSINGS: REFLECTIONS ON THE FUTURE OF AMERICA

Daniel Patrick Moynihan / Atlantic/Little, Brown / $12.95

Terry Eastland

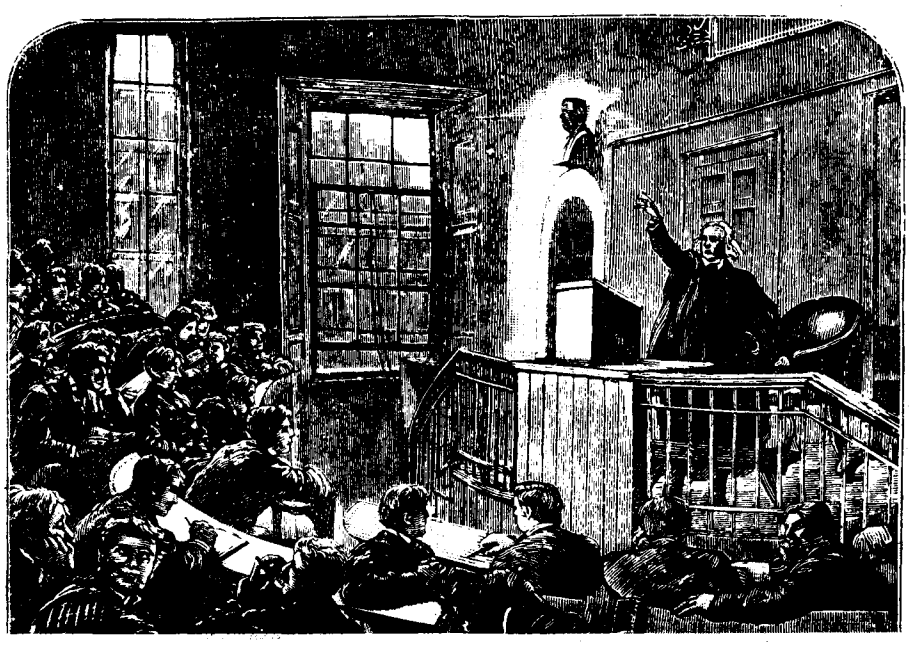
This volume is a collection of 14 essays written over the past six years and originally appearing in, among other magazines, the *American Scholar, Commentary,* the *New Yorker,* and the *Public Interest.* It suffers, as do all collections of essays addressing a variety of subjects, from occasional inconsistencies. For example, in one chapter Moynihan seems disturbed that "Joseph Schumpeter's gloomy prophecy that liberalism will be destroyed through the steady conquest of the private sector by the public sector bids fair to come true in the United States." But in another chapter he seems equally disturbed by recent efforts to decrease the federal government's take of the gross national product. Nevertheless, *Counting Our Blessings* does manage to present a fair number of consistently argued themes. They deserve wide attention, and not simply because the writing here, as in all of Moynihan's work, is witty, informative, passionate, and, above all, intelligent. There is also the fact of Moynihan's status—and he is proud of this status—as a liberal and a Democrat. Very simply, Moynihan says the sort of things one does not expect of someone carrying these identification cards.

Many liberals and many Democrats are comfortable with the new development in our history, by which the federal judiciary (in particular the Supreme Court) has been a significant agent of social change. But Moynihan is nevertheless concerned to ask, "What do you do when the Supreme Court is wrong?" He thus assumes that the Supreme Court can be wrong, and he usefully reminds us, in the words by which Lincoln reminded Stephen Douglas of the very same point, that a decision by the Supreme Court is not a "thus saith the Lord." Moynihan answers his question, upon which little has been written, by describing a "hierarchy of responses": debate, litigation (a way of educating the courts as to how the Supreme Court has been wrong, if not finally causing that court to reverse itself), and congressional legislation (to which the Supreme Court may be counted on to defer).

Interestingly, Moynihan asks this question in respect to the Court's decisions regarding the establishment clause of the First Amendment, starting in *Everson v. Board of Education* (1947). There are those—again liberal, again Democratic—who may fairly be said to worship at the altar of the Court's interpretation of that clause, which is (in Justice Hugo Black's words in Everson) that neither a state nor the federal government can "set up a church . . . pass laws which aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion over another." Moynihan notes that the "plain and unambiguous meaning" is that "Congress will not establish a national religion" and rightly judges that "the establishment-clause decisions are an intellectual scandal" (although not all of them, since Moynihan approves in passing of *Engel v. Vitale,* which prohibited public school prayer).

Moynihan is aware, and displeased, that through these decisions the courts have been "imposing on the country their own religious views." In so doing, they have provided constitutional excuse for those who, like President Carter, would argue against legislation Moynihan himself is co-sponsor of, legislation which would grant tuition tax-credits to parents with children enrolled in non-public (and thus perhaps church-affiliated) elementary and secondary schools. The trend in education that Moynihan deplores is ever more towards government monopoly, which, he says, is "not more appropriate to liberal belief" here than in any other field.

Moynihan's treatment of the establishment-clause decisions demonstrates his ability to identify and explain a problem, and his tuition tax-credit proposal is an effort (via legislation) at solution. Not always, however, are the academic and the politician both found in Moynihan. For example, in an excellent analysis of the political significance of the tax-cut movement that started with Proposition 13, Moynihan points out that what has gripped "New Class" bureaucrats in Washington is a "fever"—the fever of spending inflation-generated surpluses. But to rid the Capitol of this fever Moynihan only says we need to "achieve a steady state of government," counsel that points out the goal but neglects to say how to get there. Similarly, Moynihan, pleading for comprehension of the fact that liberals cannot continue to believe that the production of wealth is one thing and its distribution by the state another, fails to instruct us on just how we must "establish in our political culture a concern for economic development."



The concern of the remaining seven essays in *Counting Our Blessings* is foreign affairs, where Moynihan shows himself in the tradition of Woodrow Wilson, who argued for "the elevation of the individual, the differentiation of each." Readers of Moynihan's last book, a *Dangerous Place,* will find a familiar Moynihan in these essays, as he argues the importance of ideas in political affairs and pleads the causes of liberty and human rights in a world increasingly hostile to liberal democracies generally and to the United States in particular. In "The Politics of Human Rights" he argues that human rights should not be "depoliticized," as they were in the Carter administration, because they are something more than than the basis for "international social work." "Human rights," he says, "is the single greatest weapon we have for the ideological defense of liberty." It is thus not only a moral but a political, in the sense of pragmatic, cause, a cause fundamental to our self-interest, our survival as a nation.

The last essay on foreign affairs concerns the SALT process, which Moynihan calls (even more correctly in retrospect) a "policy in ruins." But even if SALT II now appears to be a dead document, the essay takes on new importance in light of the Carter administration's recent decision strategically to threaten not merely the Soviets' cities but also their nuclear bases. Moynihan assays the differences between the Mutual Assured Destruction doctrine that underlays SALT and the unsuccessfully (in the 1960s) competing doctrine of "damage limitation." He has no view on which should be official doctrine, or so he says; but his sympathies seem clearly to lie with damage limitation, and against MAD. "Political ideas," he says at one point, "in order to be viable, must be simple. Assured destruction is the kind of idea that wins acceptance in a faculty seminar.

Terry Eastland is the editor of the Greensboro Record *editorial page and the co-author, with William J. Bennett, of* Counting by Race.

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Damage limitation, by contrast, is instinctive—the idea of defending oneself is easy to grasp."

This essay on SALT, like the other essays on foreign affairs, contrasts sharply with the speech Moynihan delivered at the Democratic convention in New York last month, when he applauded SALT II and praised President Carter's foreign policies. Almost certainly Moynihan would be embarrassed to have this speech appended to his book, in which is found this maxim by Michael Oakeshott: "To try to do something which is inherently impossible is always a corrupting enterprise." Let us hope that's not always so: After all, trying to defend the Carter administration's foreign policy is to try something of the difficulty of sculling across the Atlantic without oars. *Counting Our Blessings* is a reminder, even if the convention speech is not, that there is a liberal Democrat who differs intelligently, and compellingly, from the standard Democratic fare: Carter, Kennedy, and all the rest. □

THE PULSE OF POLITICS:
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James David Barber / Norton / $14.95
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Aram Bakshian Jr.

Every four years I promise myself that I will avoid the conventions and sit out the campaign. Every four years something goes wrong. Even when I get my wish, it's in the worst possible way. This summer, for example, I managed to dodge the Republican Convention in Detroit, but only after spending eight days there editing the GOP Platform. Nothing is better for a writer's morale than working on a document that will be widely ignored and universally forgotten within weeks, and the well-intended blundering of the novice personnel at the Detroit Plaza added to the fun. The staff consisted mostly of young trainees, all smiles but not exactly what you could call adept.

The Plaza, for those of you who haven't had the pleasure, is one of those towering, surreal modern hostelries with a lot of water and vegetable matter making up for the absence of paneling and skilled ornamental handiwork. Seated in a revolving "drinking pod" one afternoon (and feeling rather like a frog or an alien life form) I actually saw one unfortunate fellow guest served a gin and tonic with two Gibson onions instead of a lime twist. The next day at lunch, when a friend asked for an iced coffee he was met with a blank stare from the busboy followed by an incredulous, "What's dat?" "It's just coffee with ice in it," my friend replied. And, sure enough, about ten minutes later, the busboy returned with a cup of coffee in which three forlorn ice cubes were fighting a losing battle for survival. Most of the company and conversation matched the service.

Not that many days later, having vowed to avoid the Democratic Convention in New York at all cost, I received a last minute invitation to plug my book, *The Candidates—1980,* on a New York television show. It meant spending two days in New York City in the middle of the Convention. Not only that, but all of the decent old hotels—The Dorset, The Plaza, The St. Regis, the Waldorf, et al.—were full and I ended up with a room in a Sheraton that, *mirabile dictu,* turned out to be the headquarters for the Georgia delegation. Judged by chance encounters in elevators, cocktail lounges, and corridors, they weren't really *bad* people—just a little dumber, glummer, sloppier, and smellier than their Republican counterparts in Detroit. Maybe it was the muggy Manhattan weather, or their mood of unhappy resignation at the prospect of having to vote for Jimmy Carter again.

The only break from convention monotony during my two-day stay in New York was a purely local entertainment—a botched suicide attempt from the Avon Building. For 90 minutes, thousands of New Yorkers milled around the blocked-off area, sweating profusely and, most of them, pointing to the wrong ledge on the wrong building, while I viewed them askance from the air-conditioned comfort of O'Neal's, washing down ossified shrimp with overpriced Dutch beer. An afternoon to cherish.

At least, I comforted myself, it will all be over once I board the Eastern Shuttle to Washington. Ho, ho, ho. Waiting for me on my return was a troika of new books to review on campaigning, the inspired gift of this very magazine. No end of suffering in this vale of tears.

Let's begin with the authors of the three tomes in question. On the whole, they're more interesting than the books. Dr. Barber is an intelligent academic whose main problem is that he desperately wants to fit square politicians into round theories. In an earlier work of his, *The Presidential Character,* he glowingly predicted that Jimmy Carter, that most characterless of men, would be an "active-positive" president, fondly asserting:

> I believe he will turn out to be a pleasured President, finding, as did FDR and HST and JFK, that life in the Oval Office can be fun. . . .

I doubt it, but, if Carter has been a "pleasured" president, the pleasure has been all his. With touching absurdity, in hindsight, Dr. Barber went on to predict that, if Carter had any problem, it would be accomplishing too much, not too little:

> Like the other active-positive Presidents, his character-based troubles are going to spring from an excess of an active-positive virtue: the thirst for results. . . .

Well, with a record like that, you can imagine how many splendid, fresh insights Dr. Barber's new book must contain. *The Pulse of Politics* maintains, quite plausibly, that there are cycles in politics as in everything else, and that certain political types show to best advantage if they come along when the pendulum is swinging in the right direction. (For this his parents sent him to college?) The bulk of his book is canned history, the story of past campaigns and past presidencies tailored to fit Dr. Barber's theory. It is pleasant reading, but hardly revelatory. One gets the feeling that Dr. Barber, for all his study of politics from the sidelines, simply does not understand what makes voters, parties, politicians, and administrations tick—not that their clockwork ever has functioned

Aram Bakshian, Jr. is the author of The Candidates—1980. *A former White House Aide to two Presidents, he writes frequently on politics, history, and the arts for American and overseas journals.*

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on reliable mechanical principles.

Edward Costikyan is another matter: a slick behind-the-scenes political operative in Manhattan for many years who, if he failed dismally in his own run for the Democratic mayoral nomination in 1977, at least has proven his ability to win votes for others. Costikyan, a liberal who is not blind to the changes in the political landscape, is sound in most of his tactical recommendations for winning votes. But a fundamental flaw in his political overview glares through when he attempts to play the concerned statesman. We can only save the system and secure the future of American democracy, Costikyan tells us, by dragging non-voters into the electoral system, whether they want in or not.

I couldn't disagree more. One of the few saving graces shared by millions of our most under-educated, ill-informed, slothful fellow citizens is their complete lack of interest in politics. Despite the best (or worst) efforts of the do-gooders to coerce or cajole civic vegetables to the polls, the worthy lumps still stay away in droves. God bless them for it. Think of the mess they'd make if they were somehow rounded up and trundled off to vote, even if one goes on Costikyan's own polling data. His informative but ultimately wrong-minded study of the non-voter reveals the following characteristics: Non-voters tend to be younger, less educated, less literate, less successful, and less conservative than people who do vote; they know less about the issues and have never developed what Mr. Costikyan dismisses as the "voting habit."

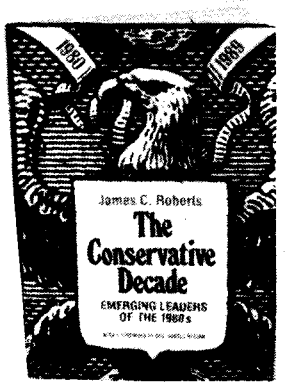
Granted that voting, like personal hygiene and the prompt paying of bills, is, on one level, an acquired habit. But far more important, it is also a reflection of attitude, commitment, and individual initiative. Far from being a mere habit, voting is also a responsibility which, in the eyes of the founding fathers, was a thing to be aspired to, for which individual citizens had to qualify with certain essential civic virtues, ranging at various times from being a property holder and literate on one extreme to not being a convicted felon on the other. (Dullards and goldbricks need not apply.) Mr. Costikyan sees it differently. To him, the non-voter is not the odd man voluntarily out, but a challenge to modern Pavlovian science:

> Voting is . . . largely habit. Somehow, our society has failed to instill that habit in the post-1965 generation. Maybe we made it possible to vote too easily and too soon. Whatever the reasons, if we do not remedy our failure to teach the young the voting habit, things will get worse. . . . Democracy will not thrive and may not survive if our public officials are chosen by a small group of special interests who use the leverage of low voter turnout to capture the bureaucracy of government.

Sounds plausible enough, until you remember that a much smaller segment of the population—with much more narrow regional, religious, and economic interests than today—presided over the first century and a half of American growth. We wouldn't be here now if the Costikyan theory were right. And when he adds, by way of remedy, the suggestion that a good initial "reform" would be pressuring everyone who applies for any sort of government dole to register to vote, his position becomes even more untenable. Forget Costikyan's civic philosophy, pay attention to his canny hints on how to win elections, and his book justifies its cover price.

Finally, we have Jeff Greenfield, familiar to many television viewers as a guest commentator on CBS and a frequent panelist on William F.

IDEAS FOR THE 80's



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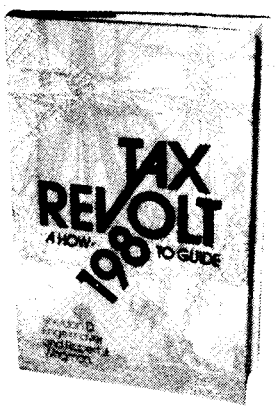

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And even as I say this, I am about to get involved in the fall campaign, breaking yet another resolution and sacrificing several weeks of good company and good digestion for the umpteenth time, with my eyes disgustingly wide open. Remember me in your prayers. □

UNDERGROUND NOTES

Mihajlo Mihajlov / Catzaras Brothers / $6.00

Deborah Davis

In 1965 a young Yugoslav writer named Mihajlo Mihajlov published a book on Soviet cultural and literary life called *Moscow Summer.* After its publication, he lost his lecturing post at Zagreb University and was soon after sent to prison for nine months, having been found guilty of "abus[ing] the freedom of expression which exists in Yugoslavia." In 1968 he published again, this time a collection of essays criticizing certain Soviet writers for acting as propagandists rather than writing about what they surely knew to be true of the Soviet state. For this book, *Russian Themes,* he went to jail for four and a half years.

At the time of his second sentencing, Mihajlov was a devoted and committed socialist, although he complained during his trial that "we intellectuals of socialist societies feel like traitors when we speak the truth." During his second term in prison he underwent a conversion of sorts: He came to understand that truth and "so-called socialism" are natural enemies; that any political system which is dependent upon the persecution of intellectuals is totalitarian in nature; that totalitarianism is therefore no different whether of the Left or of the Right; and that any freedom from political domination resides, in part, in spiritual strength.

These are the beliefs informing the essays of *Underground Notes.* The book's appearance in Yugoslavia in 1974 again resulted in a prison sentence for Mihajlov, this time a seven-year term. He was, however, released three years later as a result of the Helsinki accords and has since emigrated to the United States. When *Underground Notes* first came out in this country four years ago it received very little notice (although it was reviewed in these pages by Maurice Friedberg in April of 1977). Its republication now presents another opportunity for taking a look at Mihajlov's important, and sometimes unusual, ideas.

In *Underground Notes,* Mihajlov writes: "The great majority of the artists who lost their lives in prison camps or those who are still there . . . have never been political opponents of the regime in the Western sense. They were devoted to art. . . . Looked at from the standpoint of maintaining a totalitarian dictatorship, the persecution of artists is wholly justified. One true artist is more dangerous to a totalitarian regime than any political adversary." But in order to describe just what it is that compels the totalitarian regime to do battle with artists, Mihajlov must first address the unusual relation of a totalitarian regime to the minds of the men over which it rules.

The artist's understanding of truth, Mihajlov says in *Underground Notes,* lies in his devotion to an idea—to a religion, for example, or, more frequently, to an ideology. The artist interprets everything in terms of his idea; the idea is his *end.* But a totalitarian regime is concerned only with the maintenance of its power, and so it uses ideas as a *means* to power. Mihajlov's psychological profile of "Homo sovieticus," which appeared in *Moscow Summer,* is a perfect rendering of the abuse of ideology by those in control of a totalitarian state: "[He is] honest, sensitive, pleasant in his personal life, but prepared for the greatest servilities in the name of a 'higher idea'. . . . This was in vain, however, because petty fanatics . . . can in no way understand what it means to serve an idea." The artist serves the idea; the authoritarian is served by the idea.

This is the point at which Mihajlov breaks with Solzhenitsyn. In "Some Timely Thoughts," the most intellectually daring of the essays in *Underground Notes,* Mihajlov chastises Solzhenitsyn for his fascination with, and support for, authoritarianism, as expressed in Solzhenitsyn's *Letter to the Soviet Leaders.* Solzhenitsyn is quoted as writing: "Let there be an authoritarian system, but one based not on hatred but on altruism." This moves Mihajlov to declare: "Solzhenitsyn is verily the Great Witness, but it was not his destiny to comprehend the meaning of his own existence."

According to Mihajlov, the theocrat believes in an authoritarianism based upon altruism, upon the principles outlined in the Gospels, and believes that the only thing wrong with Soviet authoritarianism is that it is grounded in the wrong authoritarian principles. And here is where he feels Solzhenitsyn is mistaken: "The issue is not at all ideology, or that, in Solzhenitsyn's view, the . . . leaders in the Soviet Union are aiming at false ideals guided by a false ideology. The issue is that they do not follow any ideology, and their one and only goal has always been power." Mihajlov's well-argued—but highly debatable—point is that Solzhenitsyn, by advocating any kind of authoritarianism, unconsciously supports the bondage to which he acted as the "Great Witness" in *The Gulag Archipelago.*

The attack upon Solzhenitsyn leads directly from Mihajlov's conception of freedom in a totalitarian state, a conception which really has two parts. "[T]he freedom to serve ideology," he writes at one point, "would be a great step toward liberation." According to Mihajlov, the free man is able to believe in ideas that are separate from the state, and is therefore able to judge the state's manipulation of power. In this sense, ideology may indeed have a "liberating" effect in totalitarian and authoritarian countries, which betray ideology for the sake of power. But, as Mihajlov makes clear in the book's final essay, "Mystical Experiences in the Labor Camps," the highest level of thought under conditions of repression is not ideological, but religious, in nature.

Deborah Davis is a journalist whose first book, Katharine the Great, *a study of the political power of the* Washington Post *and its owner, was published last year.*

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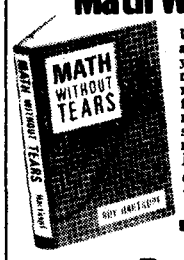

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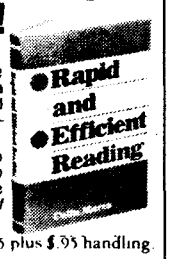

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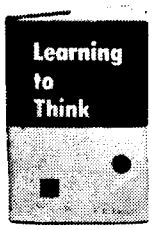

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Inner strength, and political strength as well, can in such conditions only derive from a belief in God. Mihajlov writes:

> The struggle taking place between man and the forces of evil and death is least of all a strictly political struggle. . . . [I]t is the Christians who are truly political, in the sense that it is they who undermine the very essence of totalitarian rule, *i.e.*, the belief in the unlimited power of external circumstances [to] direct man's inner world. Ideology shapes the external world, religion releases man's inner truth; but only religion, the conviction that before God all men are equal, can be the basis of a secular democracy.

Here then, in the idea of a transcendent, spiritual "inner truth," Mihajlov's political order finds its moral foundation; but here too the divergence between Mihajlov and Solzhenitsyn ends—as well it might. For we should remember that, in choosing to speak the truth in a part of the world inimicable to it, both men risked their lives for the highest moral principles. And each has testified against the evils of the country he loved: Solzhenitsyn by recreating totalitarianism brick by brick, Mihajlov by weaving the experiences of life under totalitarian domination into a compelling moral and political vision. In that sense at least, whatever their differences concerning the proper arrangements of the "external world," they stand on common ground. □

FAT CITY
Donald Lambro
Regnery/Gateway / $12.95

Paul Craig Roberts

Donald Lambro, a Washington correspondent for UPI, is an unusual journalist. He doesn't buy the "public interest" myth that shields government from the critical perspective that journalists apply to the private sector. His exposé of government waste focuses on Washington—Fat City itself—and it takes a fat book of 405 pages of facts and examples just to scratch the surface.

The federal budget, says Mr. Lambro, contains $100 billion a year in waste, fraud, and mismanagement (that's an amount equal to the entire federal budget of John Kennedy's second year in office) and from all appearances it is not only going to continue but it is going to get worse. General Accounting Office auditors regularly turn up billions of dollars of fraud and mismanagement, but their reports are usually ignored by program officials and higher-ups. Mr. Lambro found nearly 14,000 audit reports "gathering dust on government shelves, even though they document the loss of $4.3 billion annually in unauthorized use of federal funds."

No agency head or program officer wants to admit that there is fraud under his jurisdiction, so even when bureaucrats do act on the audit reports, they tend to resolve discrepancies in favor of the grantee or contractor. Congress turns a blind eye because it is too busy pushing the agencies to "get out the funds." Moreover, since many of the programs are vote-buying frauds from

Paul Craig Roberts, a columnist for the Wall Street Journal, *is Senior Fellow in Political Economy at the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown University.*

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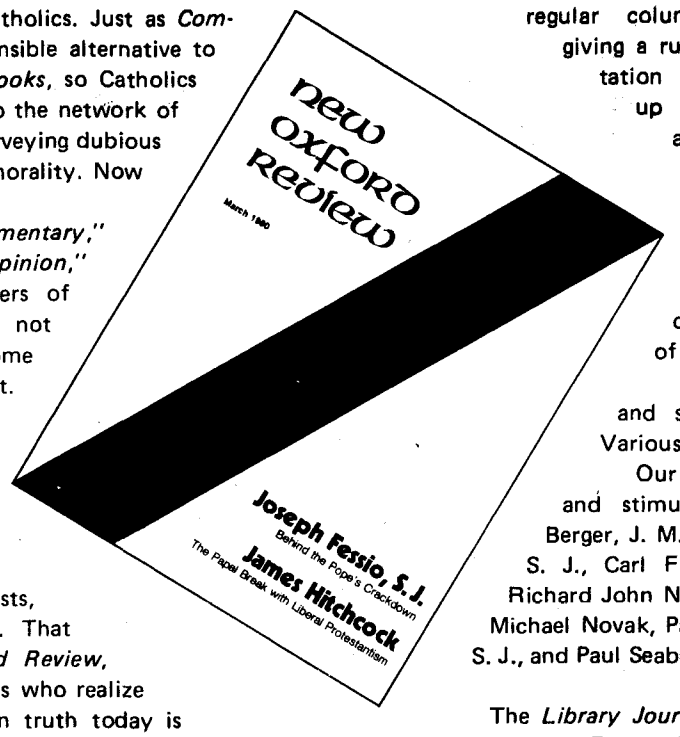

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the beginning, the Congress can't get indignant about the fraud within the fraud. Even programs of blatant fraud and waste are immune. They are protected—in the name of the poor and the disadvantaged—by the iron triangle: the special interests that feed off them, the bureaucrats who administer them, and the congressional subcommittees and committees whose members would lose power and prestige should their handout abilities be curtailed through the demise of programs.

Liberal intellectuals—who have made a killing helping the poor—help the fraud along, of course, painting any proposed budget cut as taking bread from the mouths of the jobless and disabled. And the universities where they teach, firmly established now in the business of discovering social problems and devising their remedies, spew out millions of graduates inculcated with a distaste for any budget cuts, except those affecting defense and nuclear energy, of course. I recently spoke to a select and privileged collection of such graduates (known as White House Fellows) about the need to restore incentives in the private economy. Their eyes widened as they stared at the bogeyman in front of them. Here they were in the same room with a real capitalist minotaur who wanted to push the poor off welfare! It was surely a moment of terror for them.

But the terror is not always on one side. In the face of the liberal ethos controlling our government and media it sometimes takes an act of courage to recommend cutting the budget. Luckily, the Congress has its share of brave men. For instance, Senators Orrin Hatch and William Armstrong on the Senate Budget Committee, who, armed with Lambro's 250 pages spelling out "100 Nonessential Federal Programs," will now be able to conduct a year-long filibuster the next time their colleagues ask the pious question, "But where, Senator, would you cut?"

In the meantime, if you are looking for a career consider the federal government. It has an $8 billion annual travel budget, enough to carry you to exotic places where you can hold strategy sessions and plot how to influence Congress to stuff more bucks in your budget. Never mind that lobbying the Congress with federal money is patently illegal, no one will ever notice. If that sounds too serious, you can, instead, live a life of laughter by signing on with the National Institute on Drug Abuse, in the Institute's experiment determining the levels of male sexual arousal caused by exposure to marijuana and pornography. Or you can dig the poverty gold mine.

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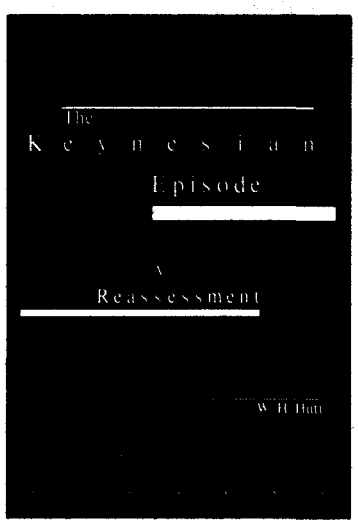

The Keynesian Episode

By W. H. Hutt

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Born in 1899, W. H. Hutt graduated from the London School of Economics and based his academic career at the University of Cape Town. He is presently Distinguished Visiting Professor of Economics at the University of Dallas. Hardcover $10.00, Paperback $4.50.

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A CONFEDERACY OF DUNCES

John Kennedy Toole / Louisiana State University Press / $12.95

Rhoda Koenig

A famous cartoon of the Twenties shows the guiding spirit of this magazine sitting at his desk, over a caption reading: "H.L. Mencken trying to think of more things that annoy him." Ignatius Reilly, the hero of *A Confederacy of Dunces,* shares Mencken's misanthropy but does not confine himself to such sedentary work. When not in his room, covering his Big Chief writing tablets with diatribes against blasphemy, capitalism, and "American Bandstand," he is in front of the D.H. Holmes department store, "studying the crowd of people for signs of bad taste in dress" or down at the Prytania theatre, scrutinizing "the credits closely to find names of performers who normally nauseated him."

Ignatius, a monstrous combination of Alexander Woollcott, Oliver Hardy, W.C. Fields, and Baby LeRoy, is one of the many vigorous obsessives, perverts, and victims who throng John Kennedy Toole's freewheeling novel. The setting is New Orleans, or at least *a* New Orleans, one where the citizens seem to have ample time to indulge their neuroses, dress up in funny clothes, and construct weird accretions of verbal ormolu.

Ignatius sarcastically torments his bedraggled mother, who tries to hide her muscatel in the oven ("Why don't you take it out? It must be done by now") and who frustrates his literary ambitions by attempting to clean up his room. ("Ignatius, what's all this trash on the floor?" "That is my worldview that you see. It still must be incorporated into a whole, so be careful where you step.") Patrolman Mancuso, the most inept member of the New Orleans police force, disguises himself as a cowboy, a Mexican, a Princeton student, and a British tourist in order to trap homosexuals, but only manages to get himself arrested for soliciting and become a source of entertainment to the gay community. ("Oh! It's that marvelous policeman!") Miss Trixie, the senile accountant at Levy Pants, bleats, "Am I retired yet?" periodically, while her employer's wife, eager to practice the psychology she has learned in her correspondence course, smears lipstick and eye shadow on her withered face and makes her repeat, "I am a very attractive woman." Myrna Minkoff, the militant organizer of Students for Liberty, Youth for Sex, Friends of Latvia, and Children for Miscegenation, tours "the rural South to teach Negroes folk songs she had learned at the Library of Congress," only to have them drown her out with the rock music on their transistors. Burma Jones, a brooding Negro janitor blackmailed into a job as a nightclub doorman, delivers a subversive spiel, punctuated with disregarded reminders to customers to slow down as they enter the club. ("Whoa! Come in, see Miss Harla O'Horror dancin with her pet. Guarantee one hunner percent real plantation dancin. Ever . . . drink got a guarantee knockout drop. Whoa! Everybody guarantee to catch them some clap off they glass. Hey!")

All of these characters, except for the industrious Patrolman Mancuso, share an aversion to work that is remarkable even for New Orleans. (When Ignatius's harried mother finally insists that he get a job, he hits upon the idea of a paper route: "Perhaps you could drive me about in the car and I could toss the papers from the rear window.") All of them,

Rhoda Koenig is the literary editor of New York *magazine.*

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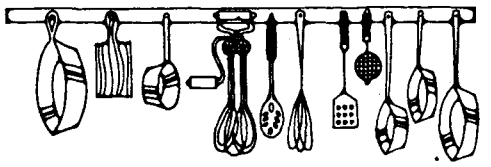

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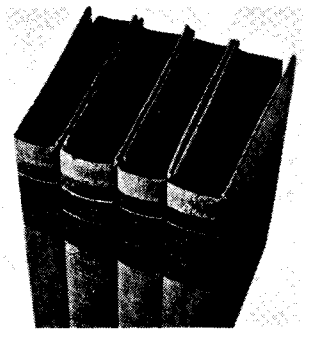

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though their dreams fail again and again, bounce happily back, convinced that the next time the planets will arrange themselves in the proper order. And all of them subscribe to one of Jonathan Swift's most treasured beliefs: that "when a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him."

Toole's sympathy and affection for these misfits shine through the disasters he heaps on them. "I am forced to function in a century which I loathe," wails Ignatius, but he is not allowed to sit and feel sorry for himself. Along with the others, he must turn the wheels of a terrifically complex but always logical plot. Toole displays the manic inventiveness of Mordecai Richler or Stanley Elkin together with the love for order and geometry beloved of his protagonist. "The universe, of course," Ignatius writes in his journal, "is based upon the principle of the circle within the circle. At the moment, I am in an inner circle."

The circles widen, gyrate, and blend dizzyingly, like the circles on those spiral-painted wind-up toys. After being fired from Levy Pants, where he foments an ill-fated rebellion of the proletariat, Ignatius turns up as a hot-dog vendor, dressed in a pirate costume to attract the tourist trade. ("You look," says a fastidious French Quarter resident, "like Charles Laughton in drag as the Queen of the Gypsies.") His cart attracts a local smut peddler, who rents the bun compartment as a cache for pornographic photos, one of which turns out to be a picture of Ignatius's dream girl. This leads him to the Night of Joy night club, where Burma Jones advertises the extremely dubious floor show and Patrolman Mancuso is set to close in and. . . .

I give up. You will have to read this one for yourself, as a combined act of pleasure—and penance. The money from *Confederacy*'s royalties, paperback rights, and movie option will go to the mother of John Kennedy Toole, who killed himself in 1969 at age 32. The book was published only as a result of her persistence in shoving at people the smeary carbon of what she insisted was a great novel. Finally, in 1976, she got it to Walker Percy, who agreed with her. Was it such discouragement over his own failed efforts to get his novel published that drove Toole to suicide? We shall never know, but something else is certain: how much we've lost now that he lies where savage indignation can no longer lacerate his breast. □

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THE SECOND COMING

Walker Percy / Farrar Straus & Giroux / $12.95

Joshua Gilder

It is surprising how many people, despite overwhelming evidence of the acute distress of the mentally ill, continue to believe in the "King of Hearts" vision of the blissfully insane. Not only is it fun to be crazy, the fairy tale goes, it's virtuous as well: The insane have opted out of a debased world to lead the moral life of saints, uncompromised by the meanness and pettiness of everyday living.

For Walker Percy this idea is something of an artistic conceit. Percy's tendency to romanticize mental illness was clear even in his first novel, *The Moviegoer*. The novel's heroine, Kate, cannot manage the most elementary of tasks and pressures of life, so she regresses to a state of infantilism. To save her from the anxiety of having to make choices, Binx, the narrator-hero, takes it upon himself to plan Kate's day step by step, sending her on errands, telling her what route to take on the bus, which seat to sit in, whom to speak to and what to say. Their decision to marry means that Binx will, in essence, be holding her hand through the rest of her life. Nevertheless, Kate's childishness is supposed to make her appealing: We are undoubtedly to see in her another, if slightly jaundiced, version of the helpless woman-child saved by the manly hero.

Percy develops the plot of his new novel, *The Second Coming*, along the same lines. Will Barrett, a retired lawyer and widower (who had married into great wealth), suffers not merely from the gently distressing anomie of his predecessor, Binx, but also from what turns out to be a rare synaptical dysfunction that causes him to fall down on the golf course and ruin his otherwise better-than-par game. Along with these "petit-mal" attacks, Barrett develops a terrible slice. One day, while chasing a ball out of bounds, he meets Allie, an escapee from the local sanitorium. She is running away from her predatory parents, who are trying to steal her rightful inheritance, and from the sanitorium's well-meaning but incompetent Dr. Duk, who has almost destroyed her memory with repeated shock treatments.

Allie is an innocent, a *tabula rasa*, and through her eyes we are meant to see how silly and artificial our sane world is. While sitting on a park bench, for instance, she notices the "ironies" of contemporary life: the ridiculous changes in fashion, all new to her after her lengthy incarceration; the policeman who tells her to "Have a nice day" but doesn't seem to mean it; the jogger who sits next to her and talks nice but seems to have ulterior motives. Allie, you see, is too good for a world full of people who offer salutations in something less than complete sincerity and who make crude sexual overtures (heavens!). One gets the impression that, like Peter Pan, she didn't like the world, so she decided never to grow up.

In an essential way Barrett, too, has never grown up. Since a childhood trauma, which in the course of the novel he begins to relive and remember fully for the first time, Barrett's life has been, in a sense, parenthetical. His flight in early manhood up North and into the arms of a rich but plain wife, it turns out, was an attempt to escape the encumbrances of his past: the South, failure, a family suicide.

The two of them work fine together, Allie says, because he tends to fall down, and she—proud of herself for installing an antique, two-ton stove in her woodland home with pulleys and ropes—is a "hoister." Again, as in *The Moviegoer*, our hero takes upon himself the detailed organization of his girl's everyday existence. Like a little child, Allie must be told where to go and what to ask for when she gets there. Their relationship is so cloyingly infantile, in fact, that its consummation at a Holiday Inn suggests nothing so much as the mating of three-year-olds.

Joshua Gilder is Associate Editor of Saturday Review.

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And so, not surprisingly, when Allie speaks to Barrett in a personal dialect of her own invention just this side of baby-talk, he can understnd her, although no one else does. Conversely, only she can truly appreciate his alternating disaffection and chemically imbalanced visionary states.

Critics like to refer to Walker Percy as a novelist of ideas, one who incorporates weighty philosophical notions in the substance of his work. But never, it seems, do they stop to consider the quality of these ideas. One wonders in this instance how meaningful any novel can be in which the basic philosophy is informed by a regressive desire for life before toilet training. And as to the general body of his work, it should be said that Percy is at his weakest as novelist/philosopher (and not in substance very far removed from the French existentialists he amusingly derides in his collection of essays, *The Message in the Bottle*) and is at his strongest when he separates these two functions.

There are some remarkably skillful characterizations in *The Second Coming* that demonstrate Percy's gifts as a novelist, one of the most impressive being of the Reverend Jack Curl, who hounds Barrett throughout the novel to donate a few millions of his deceased wife's fortune to a "Love and Faith" community on which she had her heart set before her death. Equally good is the passage in which Barrett finally remembers his childhood trauma, when his father tried to kill himself and his son. Percy's description of this horrific affair would almost in itself justify his reputation as one of our best novelists, although the scene's power is diluted and its meaning betrayed when we come to see that its primary purpose is to lead Allie and Will to their love duet in the Holiday Inn.

As a philosopher, too, Percy has moments of brilliance. His discussion of the "debased coinage" of metaphor in one of his essays on language, for example, is one of the most insightful critiques of contemporary poetry written. And yet, because critics must cower before so august an idea as Language Theory and quite rightly feel themselves out of their depth, no one seems to have noticed that Percy never makes good on the original promise of *The Message in the Bottle*, expressed in the subtitle as "How Queer Man Is,' How Queer Language Is, and What One Has to Do with The Other." He does quite well with the first two; the third part of this relatively tall order, however, is never fulfilled, and it remains the unanswered question in his fiction as well.

Since *The Moviegoer*, Percy has been jabbing over and over at this "mystery," sometimes expressed as the mystery of language, sometimes as the perversity of human beings. (Why, for instance, does Binx only come alive in a car accident and Will Barrett only feel truly himself when being shot at?) One begins to feel, setting his novels alongside the essays of *The Message in the Bottle*, that although Percy has much that is interesting to say about language, and much that is interesting to say about human experience, he will never tie the two together. His language theory, though presented in lucid, straightforward prose (no small accomplishment), remains prohibitively abstract; his depictions of particular human dilemmas, though ably described, remain impenetrable. Five novels and one book of essays after *The Moviegoer* he is no closer to unraveling his "mystery."

Percy, it becomes clear, has forsaken psychological insight for philosophical theories that, while fascinating in themselves, block the way toward a true understanding of human action and affairs. The kind of facile theorizing that leads him to romanticize insanity prevents him from undertaking the grimmer business of looking for the truth behind the cultural cliché. Critics do Percy no favor when they line up behind him, spaniel-like, slobbering their praise because they know he's a sure thing. Novelists of ideas are hardly above reproach, especially when they are lesser novelists for being so. □

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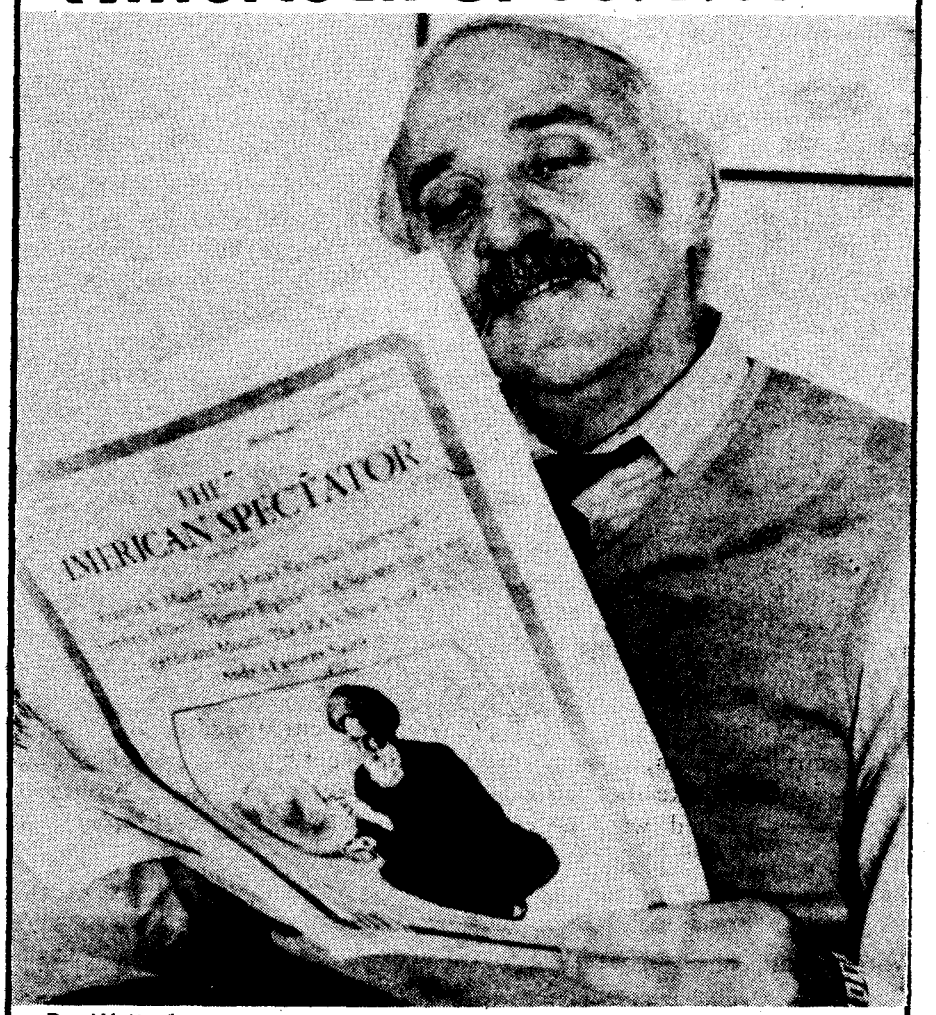

Ben Wattenberg.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Righting Marx

I am grateful to Arnold Beichman for his generous remarks about my rational opposition to all forms of totalitarianism, including every variety of Leninism. I hope he will not consider it churlish of me if I briefly reply to his criticism.

1) He objects to my deriving the moral justification of Social Democracy from its commitment to the ideal of equal opportunity for all, on the ground that it is too "exclusionary" or narrow. "Surely," he writes, "Hook will not argue that the workers in the U.S. are social democrats." No, but I am prepared to argue that the independent, enlightened trade union movement is Social-Democratic both in its domestic and foreign policy.

2) Beichman credits me with recognizing that "there is a totalitarian potential in any economy which is completely centralized and nationalized." Why then, he asks, is capitalism in its classical or traditional form an unacceptable alternative to me? The reason is very simple. A completely socialized economy and completely free enterprise economy do not exhaust the alternatives. I regard the mixed economy of the Welfare State as preferable to either.

3) Finally, he challenges my denial that what exists in the Soviet Union is Marxism with the flat assertion that "what does exist in the USSR *is* the socialism of Karl Marx."

To begin with, it should be obvious that one can hold that Marx's main historical and political predictions have been falsified by events and still deny that Marx's vision of socialism is incorporated in the institutional practices of the Soviet Union. To identify Marxism with any variety of Leninism, Stalinism, or Trotskyism is to overlook the centrality of democratic values and principles in his conception of socialism. Beichman will not be able to find—nor will anyone else—a single line in which he identifies workers democratic rule (or the dictatorship of the proletariat) with the dictatorship of a minority party *over* the proletariat and every other group as well. Had he lived in Russia, Marx would have been the first victim of Bolshevik terror.

Much more can be said about the responsibility to historical truth by those who have been sobered, disillusioned, or shocked into a sense of reality by the transformation of their dream of a cooperative society into the Gulag Archipelago. Lenin was certainly the architect of Soviet totalitarianism, whose legacy passed to his legitimate heir, Stalin. But it still remains true that what exists in the USSR today is far from the society Lenin describes in his brochure *The Soviets at Work,* as unacceptable as that may also be. Nor does his crime against the Russian people in bayoneting out of existence the democratically elected Constituent Assembly, whose convocation he had demanded under Kerensky, show that he took German gold to overthrow the Kerensky Provisional Government.

Not only is it historically false to identify Marxism with contemporary Communism, I believe it is strategically unwise. A very persuasive case can be made out to those who are so conditioned that they can only respond to the Marxian idiom that the basic ideas of the mature Marx, as well as the early Feuerbachian Marx, are utterly antithetical to the regimes of political and cultural terror that prevail in all countries under Communist rule.

Sidney Hook
South Wardsboro, Vermont

Give Me Some New-World Religion

In the August 1980 issue you carried a review of James Hitchcock's *Catholicism and Modernity* by Lord Longford. Since the review states that Hitchcock wrote mostly about the American Catholic Church, and that he, the reviewer, "must leave it to American Catholics to dispute with him the accuracy of his diagnosis," why did you pick Lord Longford to review the book in the first place? I learned something about Catholicism in Britain from the review, but very little about Hitchcock's book itself. Couldn't you have gotten Andrew Greeley or Daniel Patrick Moynihan? Either would have added to the seriousness of your paper.

Terrance Walbert
Baltimore, Maryland

That Old Standard—Gold

I usually enjoy Mr. Bethell's perspicacious thoughts on the state of the world, but his column "Sheer Gold" in the July *Spectator* raised my hackles. As a monetary theorist of the Chicago persuasion I am greatly offended as to the total misrepresentation of the Chicago position on monetary economics.

The claim that Milton Friedman has promulgated a theory of monetary supply over the last thirty years shows Mr. Bethell has never taken the time to study seriously the theory he dismisses in a few sentences. Friedman's real theory, clearly stated in 1956 in his article "The Quantity Theory of Money—a Restatement," concerns money demand, not money supply. In fact, almost all of Friedman's important work in monetary theory has been demand theory.

Furthermore, Mr. Bethell's assertion that monetarist doctrine says that the money supply determines the level of GNP is a gross misrepresentation. The actual claim is that the nominal quantity of money affects the nominal level of GNP; that is, it only affects the value of output and therefore determines the price level. The level of real GNP, the actual output of goods and services, is determined by relative prices and rates of return.

I would also like to point out that Mr. Bethell's claim that, if we returned to the gold standard, we would no longer be subject to serious price level fluctuations, is not borne out by history. The great monetary contraction of the early thirties was caused primarily by the Federal Reserve System's adherence to the rules of the gold standard, inasmuch as the loss of gold reserves forced the Federal Reserve to reduce the money supply accordingly.

In conclusion, I suggest that if Mr. Bethell wishes to bang the drum for a return to the gold standard, he should be prepared to study both monetary theory and history.

Jerrold L. Goldblatt
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

Back to Supply

Tom Bethell's article on gold in the July issue touches briefly and erroneously on the matter of who first discovered supply-side economics, and Mr. Bethell misrepresented me in that brief discussion as well.

Supply-side economics is the use of tax policy to alter the willingness to suppy labor or capital to the production process. The supplies of these key inputs govern potential output. The pre-Keynesian classical economics of the 1920s and earlier was founded on this concept.

My statement to Mr. Bethell was that supply-side economics had not been discovered in the 1970s; it had been rediscovered. This rediscovery of the classical school by modern supply-side pioneers is the leading advance in economic theory and policy in the 1970s, in that it forces Keynesian theory back into the real world.

I also told Mr. Bethell that the Minority Members of the Joint Economic Committee were discussing supply-side economics in their dissenting views of JEC Reports several years before the Majority began to take the same approach. This convergence of views led to the supply-oriented consensus JEC An-

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nual Reports, which put the Minority and the full Committee well ahead of many Johnny-come-latelies in academia and the Administration. I never stated, or implied that the JEC had beaten the academic supply-side pioneers to the issue. Men like Martin Feldstein, Michael Boskin, Norman Ture, Craig Roberts, and, of course, Arthur Laffer have been investigating supply incentives and constraints for going on ten years. It was on the work of these pioneers and others that the JEC discussions were based.

Stephen J. Entin
Joint Economic Committee
Washington, D.C.

After the Afterglow

With reference to the article "How to Fail at Being Safe" by Charles Horner (June 1980):

What completely astounds me is the wild preoccupation with the strategies of "First Strike" and "Massive Retaliation," and the use of such devices as the MX missiles, nuclear bombs and chemical warfare gadgets. Apparently the politicians and militarists are suffering from self-infatuation with these sophisticated schemes and exotic devices for the annihilation of humanity. I maintain the politicians and the brilliant strategists have a mental block about the usefulness of such actions. *After* a nuclear holocaust what does the perpetrator do next? What does *anyone* do after the radioactive dust settles? Are there winners or losers? Will the "winners" have been successfully defended? Will they be more secure? Will the losers have anything the winners want? Who's going to clean up the mess?

I would suggest, rather hopelessly, the world's leaders consider carefully what their *next* action will be *after* the holocaust.

The situation reminds me rather inadequately of the doctor who claims his operation was a success but the patient died. For another parallel there is the story about the traveling salesman who was helped off the train at a depot in the Deep South by the pullman porter who asked the salesman how the weather was up north. The salesman told him it was awful, it was snowing and cold. The porter replied: "Sure glad we didn't win that War. Why, we would have had to occupy that land up there."

It's a bit unsettling to think we could be the victims of adults with the power, authority, and money to build and use such fiendish toys.

Douglas L. Saunders
Marathon Shores, Florida

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

Faking It

One can easily imagine it. His appointment at the Ministry of Science and Culture having been postponed yet again, a Soviet citizen (let us call him Dmitri) wanders through Moscow's dreary streets, finally sitting on a park bench to eat his lunch. Around him are the hundreds of thousands of tourists, come to see the Olympics and, needless to say, his friendly neighborhood KGB agent. He puts his lunch bag down beside him, where sits, not surprisingly, a copy of *Pravda.* The spectacle of the tourists is wearying to Dmitri; he has seen them milling about all week. He decides to catch up a bit on the news. He picks up the *Pravda.*

But wait! An odd headline catches his eye. "Russia has overcome the demons—no union, no socialists, no soviets, only republic." He suddenly feels frightened. He glances around, seeing the KGB agent placidly strolling, his hands in his pockets. The agent does not seem suspicious, so Dmitri reads on. What goes on here? The lead editorial reads: "The first decision of the provisional civilian government was to announce free elections. These are the first free elections in Russia in 63 years and a great event in the history of our country." Not being a Party member, Dmitri is confused. Elections?

He reads on. An article by Vladimir Maximov. Poetry by Joseph Brodsky. Weren't these writers attacked and expelled from the Soviet Union? Hadn't he seen their names vilified in this very paper? Weren't these enemies of the State?

And this final detail: Comrade Brezhnev and Comrade Suslov flee to Cambodia in search of exile. Brezhnev and Suslov finding happiness with Pol Pot? He looks again at the front page. The *Pravda* logo is the same; the type is the same; the style is the same. And yet, hadn't the bureaucrats at the Ministry of Science and Culture that morning acted with the same cold inefficiency as every other morning? Dmitri shakes his head in bafflement.

(What Dmitri doesn't know is that this is not an official *Pravda,* but rather a fake issue printed in Italy under the auspices of the satiric weekly, *Il Male,* and written not only by Maximov and Brodsky but also by Vladimir Bukovsky, who contributed "Critical Masses" to the August issue of this magazine, Leonid Plyushch, the mathemetician, and Natalya Gorbanevskaya, the poetess. Five thousand copies of the fake issue were smuggled into Moscow at the time of the Olympics by professional smugglers and tourists. Soviet citizens like Dmitri found their copies on park benches, around drinking places, and on buses in cities all over the Soviet Union.)

But surely it isn't true, Dmitri continues to think to himself. If it is, then why are there KGB agents suddenly filling the park? And why, pray tell, is one advancing upon Dmitri, as other agents are advancing upon other citizens with newspapers, his hands no longer in his pockets but held rigidly at his sides? And why does he have that terrible look in his eyes?

—JP

January 1981

Dogs bark idiotically in the distance . . . a two-headed, horned babe, covered with spikes of black hair, delivered to a woman of three-score and ten years amidst the din of a hellish thunderstorm, dies at birth . . . three aged owls perched high upon a limb hum an ancient, mournful song . . . the stony streets of the capital city run thick with rainwater . . . a line of taxi cabs snakes its way through the early morning rush of traffic . . . a special "In Memoriam" edition of the *Washington Post,* Page One framed with an inch-wide black border, appears on the morning newsstands and sells out immediately . . . the national leadership of the American Civil Liverties Union announces a noon press conference at which 13 officials formally execute a secret suicide pact . . . in a fury of defenestration, State Department employees eject themselves from their eighth-story offices, leaving behind a note stressing that the action should not necessarily be taken as the willful action of a despairing clique, either voluntary, involuntary or with full cognizance thereof, or something like that . . . Gore Vidal succumbs to a case of acute apoplexy; a taxidermist stuffs him with back issues of *Proctology Today,* and he is ritually displayed at trade conventions . . . Jane Fonda, Warren Beatty, and Shirley MacLaine secure financial backing for a scathing and controversial documentary about the Central Intelligence Agency's secret plot to overfeed Cambodians; it is subsequently nominated for an Academy Award; in her acceptance speech, Fonda thanks "the Freedom of Information Act for making this necessary" . . . former President Jimmy Carter signs a multi-million dollar deal to host a western anthology TV series called "Plains, Georgia Days" . . . the New York Stock Exchange closes down 119 points, reacting to rumors that presidential aides have purchased a copy of *Why Not the Best?* . . . a young nymph from Grinnell, Iowa, earns celebrity when she claims to have bedded with the newly sworn President, but she proceeds to publicly embarrass him and new "Tonight Show" host Hodding Carter III by announcing authoritatively that the new chief executive does not dye his hair . . . Muhammed Ali is kayoed in the first round of a title fight by the outgoing president's baby brother, who has since changed his name to Aboulhassan Bani-Carter . . . a team of Stanford scientists earns a Nobel Prize for its discovery that inflation is caused by depletion of the ozone layer . . . the Senate passes an Election Reform Bill providing that the country dispose of nuclear wastes by injecting them into unsuccessful presidential candidates; an effort to extend the legislation to include successful presidental candidates is beaten back under the threat of an administration veto . . . presidential aspirant Jerry Brown launches his campaign for the 1984 Democratic presidential nomination by calling for a constitutional amendment making Capricorn the national sign . . . birds sing, flowers bloom, the heavens shine, President Reagan leaves for his first vacation at Camp David . . .

—Frank Bolger

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Washington Post

Another sozzled communiqué on behalf of Old World values from Henry Fairlie inveterate vagrant and recipient of handouts:

The America which Europe fears is the America of the Reaganites. The America once of the Scopes trial; the America of prohibition; the America of ignorant isolationism. The America then of "better dead than red"; the America of McCarthyism; the America of the last fundamentalists of the 1950s. The America now of the new evangelicals; the America of the Moral Majority; the America of a now ignorant interventionism; the America which can see homosexuals as a conspiracy; perhaps even women as a conspiracy. The America of fear. For it is in fear that the ungoverned and the unfree are doomed to live. And there was this America in control at Detroit.

It is time that we reminded ourselves, and said aloud and more often, that it is from these people that nastiness comes.

. . . The Reaganites on the floor were exactly those who in Germany gave the Nazis their main strength and who in France collaborated with them and sustained Vichy. If the neo-conservatives cannot sniff danger, surely the rest of us can be alert.

[*July 27, 1980*]

The New York Times

The incomparable *Times* reports on the inchoate developments that are sure to make the Wall Street Bankers sing:

Even before the World Bank formally organizes its search committee for a replacement for Robert S. McNamara as President, some developing countries are pushing the name of Andrew Young, the former United States chief delegate to the United Nations, as a successor.

He was on vacation last week, but a spokesman, Tom Offenburger, said Mr. Young still has not made up his mind what to do next. "Right now he's decided not to decide," said Mr. Offenburger.

Mr. McNamara says his successor should show the following qualifications: a commitment to development, a knowledge of finance, political sensitivity and an ability to manage.

[*June 23, 1980*]

The Atlanta Constitution

Good News! The redoubtable *Atlanta Constitution* reports auspicious findings from a Prof. Gordon of the Institute for the Study of American Religion, findings that will put a smile on the face of every suburban anarchist and jubilation in the heart of every Reagan strategist.

Gordon, however, sees a surprising uniformity among pagans. In addition to middle class, he sees them as politically conservative. "They are Goldwater-Reagan Republicans. . . . Paganism is an anarchistic movement. No government is good government."

[*June 24, 1980*]

New Age

Earnest missives from two of the bonsai brains who read *New Age,* a journal of Post-Aquarius radicalism:

Some time ago, I read an article by Crescent Dragonwagon which recounted a rape she was forced to bear. This article (*New Age,* August 1978) came to mind recently when I, too, was attacked by a potential rapist. Having read Crescent's article, it inspired me to avert the rape. Thank you for publishing the article, and thanks, sincerely to Crescent for sharing it.

Jan Bertisch
New York, NY

I would like to thank you for your article on "Kundalini Casualties" (*New Age,* March 1978). I had a very unpleasant (to say the least) accidental kundalini experience, and luckily my bioenergetic therapist had read the interview with Itzhak Bentov and was able to provide helpful visualizations.

Al Rice

[*August, 1980*]

New Age

Mr. Peter Barry Chowka expands on the excitement of being an American:

A new tyranny is loose in the United States—a secret, brutal campaign of official surveillance, suppression, and terror. Behind it is an unholy alliance of government agents, private police, and the nuclear power and weapons industries. Its targets include anyone who seriously questions the further proliferation of atomic technology.

In the past this anti-antinukes network has moved quietly, spying and collecting information on private citizens. Recently, however, as the stakes have escalated, so have the tactics.

[*August, 1980*]

The Portland Press Herald

Goo-Gooism on a metaphysical plane from the esteemed *Press Herald* of Portland, Maine. Fight back the tears:

The immediate reaction to allegations that a United States senator and seven House members were among those accepting bribes totaling nearly $700,000 is to blame government.

But it's not enough simply to blame "government" or "the system." After all, it's doubtful if any public official has ever been corrupted by the American system of government—the best ever devised by man.

Instead, isn't it possible that we must all share responsibility for allowing corrupt men to savage and rape our system?

Aren't we all responsible when only about half of all eligible citizens bother to participate in the electoral process, the most fundamental and basic act of citizenship?

Aren't we encouraging misconduct by tolerating the full pardon of a president *before* a trial?

[*February 5, 1980*]

The Times Literary Supplement

A troubling report from Dr. Kenneth O. Morgan on how the foul Orwell once caricatured the noble pacifist, or "peacemaker," as Dr. Morgan would have it. Inventing the term "newspeak" was, by the way, another of Orwell's misdemeanors!

The road of the pacifist has been a stony one in this dismal century. From Agadir to Afghanistan, the peacemaker has usually been cursed rather than blessed. In Britain during the present century, the pacifists have offered the simplest of targets for derision by the "realists". They can easily be depicted as a miscellaneous, sectarian group of Utopian fanatics. George Orwell's caricature of the typical ILP socialist could be popularly applied to the archetypal pacifist as well—"a prim little man, usually a secret teetotaller and often with vegetarian leanings, with a history of Nonconformity behind him, and above all, with a social position he has no intention of forfeiting," with a long list of "fads" from health foods to Women's Lib.

[*August 8, 1980*]

Vegetarian Times

God's work amongst the fruits and the nuts and the readers of *Vegetarian Times,* melodiously put by one of that stupendous journal's arch-editors:

In the beginning there was the food.
It was free for the taking and without
karma and God looked upon the food
as good and
wholesome
for it was delicious and nourishing
and the same food was eaten by the
people and
the animals
and there was harmony in the universe.

But then the serpent came
and the earth entered a period of great
division;
man and woman; water and fire; good
and bad;
us and them.
The great division led to disharmony
and lo, the once good food was turning
bad.

God looked upon the world again and
ushered in a period of grace
proclaiming 'Let the people once again
live
in harmony and be merry
let them eat the grains, the legumes,
the fruits, and the vegetables and do
harm to no creature.
Let there be peace."

The people rejoiced for they knew that
the diet of the new age would assist
them in their development.
They cleansed themselves and became
happy
as the darkness lifted.
It felt good to be healthy again and the
angels
opened the skies
and shouted from the heavens
"These are vegetarian times—what are
you eating?"

[*Issue #40, 1980*]

Ms.

Another typical Boy-Girl relation as reported by the vigilant editors of *Ms.,* the magazine with the chronic scowl:

A flasher approached a Vancouver woman, Carole Carl, as she was painting the outside of a hotel. He walked up to her, pulled down his pants, and grabbed her leg. Carl took her roller and painted him up and down. The man fled, but police had no trouble picking him up. His bright-orange coat of paint was flashing.

[*May, 1980*]

The New York Times Magazine

A Me Decade testimonial from another intellectual reader of one of Manhattan's foremost opinion magazines:

I was deeply affected by Michael Norman's story ("Quest for a Father," June 15). His intelligent and sensitive account of his emotions and his acceptance of an identity are admirable.

I expect to hear from my son—whom I haven't seen in 18 years—some day, and I only hope it can be as good an experience as was described in this excellent piece.

Max Ellen
New York City

[*July 20, 1980*]

The Nation

Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers, political science professors from Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Rutgers University, expatiate frothily on life in Guatemala:

Can we imagine America without empire? The conditions for an affirmative answer are staggering.

Can we imagine American without big business and multinational enterprise? Without oil-based transporation? Without a vast military machine? Without scientific and educational communities dependent on that machine? Without a regressive tax system and fantastic disparities of wealth, ownership and power?

Can we conceive of this country functioning without a concentrated and utterly conformist national press? Without labor movement populated with cold warriors and arms-enthusing bureaucrats? Without a popular culture organized around continuous consumption and the extermination of memory? Without pervasive racism? Without heroin and network TV?

Most Americans will follow their imaginations elsewhere. In 1980, those citizens not yet comatose with despair are more likely to be buying gold, practicing karate, flocking to disaster movies, or accepting Jesus as their personal savior.

But one should not lose faith in the Amrican people. In at least one important respect their understanding of our political system is vastly superior to that of the scholars and media pundits who analyze it for a living. Save perhaps for the Holy Rollers, they realize that there is nothing in it for them.

[*August 2-9, 1980*]

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